



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

REV. E. S. ROWE, in a sermon delivered last Sunday, said: "In spite of schools and books, a given company of young people of to-day are inferior to a given company of twenty years ago." I deny this statement.

I admire Rev. Mr. Rowe's sermons, for they are full of the opinions of a strong man who, when he deals with social topics, is not forgetful of the possibilities of people frail in many respects, being helpful, or at least restful, or necessary, in many other regards. Speaking, then, as an admirer as well as a critic, I respectfully ask my clerical friend upon what he bases his assertion of the inferiority of the young people of to-day as compared with the young people of twenty years ago? In the first place, unless I am misinformed, Mr. Rowe is a childless man, though as a minister of the Gospel he has many opportunities of knowing, almost as well as a physician knows, the home life of to-day. I, however, have a family of young people who keep me in contact with what is going on, and I see no reason to suppose that he was better versed than I was with the home life of twenty years ago. The old copy-book line used to put it that "Comparisons are odious, and they are particularly odious when we have no exact methods of making the comparisons justly or of producing examples which may make the argument seem anything else than a hazardous assertion.

Naturally as people get older they begin to talk even about the weather as a thing which has varied in a very improper manner. The seasons of the present time, according to them, are not like the seasons of twenty years ago. It is quite true that wheat is not now attacked by the vermin which used to destroy it, that the lack of water in hot, dry "spells" is now relieved by artesian wells, and that furnaces and self-feeders have made the cold less of an infliction! But is not every argument that can be adduced liable to make us believe that severe weather is less of an infliction now than it was a score of years ago? The world has changed. Steam, electricity and the bicycle have made communication easier, a knowledge of what is going on in what we once considered remote places, more accessible, and human contacts of all sorts are altogether different from what they were when Bro. Rowe and I were younger. Nearer thirty than twenty years ago I taught a country school. Three years and a half of teaching should have made a certain impression upon my mind as to what the young people of that time were like. Twenty years of newspaper work should have given me some idea of what they are like now, and from my personal experience I am quite willing to assert that the young folks of to-day compare very favorably indeed with those of the time which seems to be remembered with a particular relish by the secretary of the Methodist Conference.

The manners of the Canadian youth have never been cared for as they should have been. Their employments, the fact that many of those who were the parents of such children came to Canada years ago and were peasants, not aristocrats, made a great impression upon the habits, conversation and morals of the period referred to. To assert that the schools, newspapers, preachers, and public institutions, more nearly approaching to the similar influences which create the best people abroad, have failed to elevate the youngsters, is to deny to civilization any virtue as an influence uplifting to the savage or uncultured. I certainly do not refer to the youth of twenty years ago as savages, but speak comparatively, for it is dangerous to make broad assertions such as Bro. Rowe has indulged in. Thirty years ago, in a Highland Scotch settlement which has produced as good men as any other, and men who occupy public positions to-day, at a barn-raising I have seen carried about a paul of whisky, a paul of water and a tin cup, from which young and old alike helped themselves to drinks. The youngsters were badly fed, they saw much poverty, much drunkenness, much of everything which cannot be said to have been uplifting. In the schools the teachers were either youngsters or often rough, profane men, elderly in years and having had their training in Ireland or in Scotland. The Sundays were days of gloom, and the young folks hated church-going instead of, as at present, finding it a social amusement. The influence of religion was more declared, but it was not more efficacious. The amusements of the time were dances held in large rooms over hotel stables, surprise parties, long drives in sleighs filled with pea-straw and buffalo robes; paring bees, hop picnics, singing schools, camp meetings, and all sorts of things which would not be allowed by the modern parent.

It is quite true that out of the virility always produced by hardship many strong men emerged who have occupied high places, but Bro. Rowe and all of us who look back with affection to those days must remember that the opportunities were greater; that the fights for place are now harder than they were then; that the teachers and books of the present day are required to keep up even a semblance of the performances of the past, and that if those of us who belonged to the young people of that time have so failed to do our duty and to influence the young people of the present time, we must bear a portion of the blame.

In this connection I would like to ask Bro. Rowe if the teachers of twenty years ago have failed to produce an equal quality of young people compared with those of forty years ago, who produced the people of which he speaks with such fervor? May not we with equal logic, and upheld by as many historical facts, declare that for each double decade mankind has been losing some of its strength and the youth adopting manners enervating to the whole of humankind? It seems to me not only a mistake, but a folly, to ransack the past, which is an indefinite section of time, for better things and better people than we have now. In the first place, the man of to-day is unable to properly judge of the past. His memories and tenderest attachments belong to the morning or noon of the century to such an extent that he cannot fairly judge of things in this brilliant twilight, which in a couple of years will be the morning of a new century. Are we not apt to becloud and to mislead by refusing to see the gentle things which appeal to us no more because we are getting older? Should we not keep ourselves in check so that we may see with more faithful eyes the sweet newness of the youth that surrounds us? Would it not be better to remember that we were once young, and that the people of to-day will some day be old, and will say, as we are apt to say, that twenty years ago things were different—and better?

Now, referring to this matter in detail, will Bro. Rowe, or any of the rest of them, tell us what was better twenty years ago? Were the gatherings in which young people met as frequent as they are now? Were the differences not settled a score, or a score and a half years ago, more frequently by fist-cuffs than by argument? Was illegitimacy not more prevalent then than now? Was illiteracy not more excusable then than now? Were the youngsters more earnest in anything except the hard work, much of which was unavoidable and pure drudgery, than now? Did the youngster take off his hat while answering a question addressed to him by an elderly man, more readily than now? Were the girls and boys of a family as gentle to one another as they are now? Was more consideration shown to age or more unselfishness displayed to parents, than now? Were the devout people of that time any better living than they are now? The fathers of families may have been more strict, but according to Bro. Rowe's own arguments their strictness destroyed the virtue of their teachings, inasmuch as the parents of to-day, remembering the severity of yesterday, allow liberties which were then denied. Cannot, indeed, nearly every form of laxity of which Bro. Rowe

complains, be ascribed to a reaction from over-severity, or a reason be found in the changed conditions of life, the grouping into cities of so many who once were attached to the land, and who now must find new pleasures, and experiment with new methods of living?

We cannot make proper comparisons between the young people of now and twenty or thirty years ago. Perhaps we trust more to their knowledge and less to their innocence than in the past. But if this be the case, is it not true that those who have been providing the knowledge must have themselves lost their innocence? What are we to do? Fight against the general diffusion of knowledge? Must we stand with our backs to the door and refuse entry to those who herald the new things of the age? Is the ploughman still to go directly to the pulpit, the schoolteacher still to wear homespun, and the editor to work off his edition from a hand-press? What, indeed, does Bro. Rowe's discourse prove to us except that everything has comparatively made greater progress than the profession of preaching and the art of holding the attention and inspiring the souls of the young? Who is to be blamed for this? Morse, the inventor of the telegraph? Edison, the inventor of the telephone? The men who have perfected steam communication, or the progressive people who have manufactured the bicycle? Twenty years ago there were theaters, bar-rooms, dance-

a considerable number of their men deserting and taking ship to United States ports in order to serve under a flag which affords better pay. Very properly every precaution should be taken to prevent desertions, but the birching of lads at Halifax who try to change flags for the sake of better pay, is not the proper procedure if the British navy hopes to recruit its forces in Canadian waters. A recent instance of what seems to civilians a brutal flogging of boys who were both under twenty, will do more to turn Canadian seamen from the British navy than the loss of a dozen warships in battle. Commanders of British vessels may feel very much inclined to inflict corporal punishment upon their men, but they will not find men in this section of the globe who are willing to submit to it if at the time they enlist they know that there is any rod actually in pickle for their backs. While the extraordinarily effusive friendship of Great Britain for the United States has doubtless led some British tars to believe that the Admiralty would be almost as glad to see their men serving under the Stars and Stripes as the Union Jack, the younger men will be much inclined to seek the flag where the best pay is offered, and national prejudice or patriotism will have but little influence. The suggestion may seem to be a very crude one, but nevertheless I take the liberty of making it: Floggings are considered in Canada very poor discipline for eighteen or nineteen year old boys who have not yet learned the

truth were better than the explanation the newspapers reporting the incident would have been told of it, the whole matter should be rigorously enquired into. If it be a fact that the passengers acted in so disgraceful a manner, they should be punished if punishment can be meted out to them. But no matter how badly the passengers act while a vessel is lying at the wharf, it does not offer an excuse for the master of the vessel to disobey regulations and take chances of going to the bottom.

THE bill introduced at Ottawa and supported by North-Western members, for breaking the so-called elevator monopoly, may have greater force than is discoverable by the uninitiated. It seems to me, however, that neither the enrichment nor the contentment of the people concerned can be served by the measure. No matter how this may be, we discover the C.P.R. in the attitude of a busybody in its performance before the committee having the bill in charge. Judge Clark, the attorney for the C.P.R., insisted on making a long-winded talk, the only result of which, as a matter of fact, could not be in any other direction than of damaging his company or the owners of elevators, or both. He declared that the C.P.R. had nothing to do with the elevator monopoly of the North-West, but his presence and argument, while they did not assist the case of those who claim to have over a quarter of a million dollars invested in the standard grain warehouses, tended to convince the whole country that the C.P.R. was in the whole scrape bigger than a woodchuck. It may be quite true that the C.P.R. has no connection with the interest which the bill attacked, but it is equally true that the presence of its attorney before the committee was evidence which all the affidavits on earth could not counteract as proof that it had a very important interest at stake.

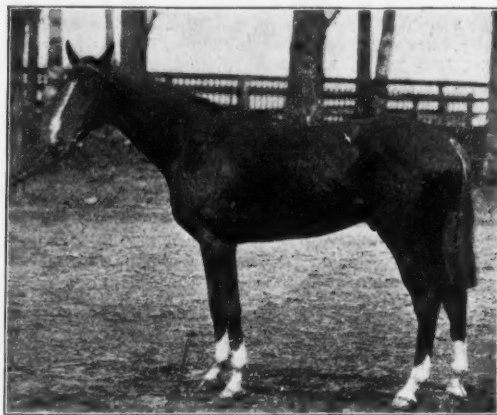
Why, indeed, was he before the committee if it was not the C.P.R.'s funeral? Then, again, if it was the C.P.R.'s funeral, why did he say it wasn't? Nothing is damaging the C.P.R. in the North-West to such an extent as the belief that the company would run all the lunch counters, smelters, beer saloons, boarding-houses, town sites, branch roads, hen-houses, peanut-stands, and mining claims, if they had the chance. Speaking within the limits, the North-Western people believe the C.P.R. has no use for them except to raise something to make freight for the road. This being the case, why should the C.P.R. have their chief legal hustler talk either for or against elevators if they have no interest therein? Or why, even if they have an indirect interest, or a big interest, should this great corporation always be represented as if it and the Dominion Parliament alone were to arrange that other people are to be permitted to live? The C.P.R. should be able to size up the situation better; and if this intimation from a friendly newspaper which believes, and has always believed, in all the good that the C.P.R. has done and in the great things it could do, is of no value to them, they will doubtless find people who will speak in a much more unfriendly tone of voice, and will some day convince them that there is nothing so unbearable to the average citizen as a busybody, and nothing so intolerable to a community or a country as an outfit which gets so officious that they must always have their say, as if the township council or the Federal Government could do nothing without having some C.P.R. corporation wind and wisdom blown in on them.

IS the Victoria square project to be a failure? If it is, Toronto should be thoroughly ashamed of itself or of those who govern it.

NO more feeble or inapplicable suggestion could have been made than that made by the *Mail and Empire* that our new city buildings should be called Simcoe Hall. No doubt the idea burrowing through the head of the editor who made the silly suggestion was that of doing honor to the memory of Lord Simcoe, the founder of Toronto, but it must be remembered that there is not only a Simcoe town, but a Simcoe county, and the people of this city have not built a hall to commemorate either locality. The financial wounds inflicted by the building of our new home for the city and county governments, are too sore and deep to have any geographical name attached to the pile which is not strictly local. There is no reason why the building should be called anything but the City and County Buildings. We need no funny or far-off names to make us appreciate the spot where so much money has been planted. If anything were needed, "Lennox's Annex" would be about as good a name as could be applied to it, though the "Palace of the Patriarchs" might do very well, for only the old men know when it was started.

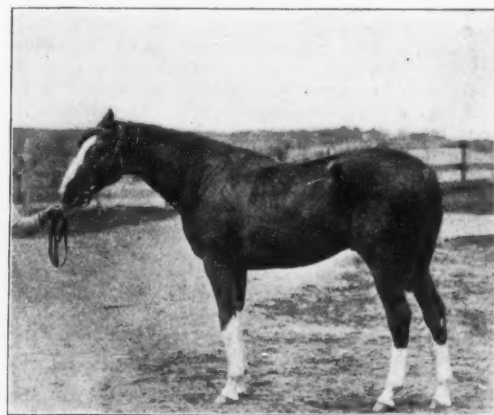
THE PEACE CONFERENCE has opened, and the hour of its inaugural probably found the world more busily engaged in adding to its armament than any moment in the history of the planet. Nobody believes that the Peace Conference will produce peace, and yet the fact that representatives of the great nations are gathered together to talk about peace, keeps alive the hope that peace is a possibility. We all know that neighbors do not always keep the peace, even when it would pay them to keep out of law and disturbances generally. Few, if any, believe that nations can be so controlled as to avoid occasional opportunities for the bad blood of their people to be shown, and for some of it to be spilled. If nations were constituted as business men are, with a clearly conceived idea of self-interest and a thorough appreciation of peace as the best method of acquiring gain and influence, we might think that nations would some day come to understand the value of international laws and such amicable settlements of disputes as would involve the slightest pecuniary loss or no blood-shed whatever. But when nations which for centuries have been equipping themselves for war and have believed, and still believe, that force is more respected than virtue, meet to talk peace, we can only believe with Jeremiah of old, who said, "Peace, peace; when there is no peace." Moreover, the innate savagery of mankind will find its outlet in blows, and no better example of this has been offered within the century than the Spanish-American war, which was begun for humanity's sake and is developing as great lust of blood and power as has ever been shown in modern history.

MUCH unnecessary ado has been made over the incident of Hon. John Costigan's removal of himself from the Conservative to the Liberal side of the House of Commons. It would be a poor system which would make it impossible for a member of our Federal Parliament to change his party allegiance, or his religion for that matter, but fortunately no such system is possible; and no matter how long a man has served with one political party or one dominant church, he is quite within his rights if he forsakes old comrades to join those to whom he has been opposed. Of course if a man has been elected absolutely as a partisan, his resignation should be offered to those who elected him, before casting the cumulative vote of a constituency in a manner opposed to their expressed desires or contrary to pledges given by him at the time of his nomination and election. I have not seen it held that John Costigan is acting without the passive, if not the declared, approval of those who elected him. This point may be easily settled by either his enemies demanding his resignation, or Mr. Costigan himself offering to ask for a declaration of the confidence of his constituents. Outside of this, however, Hon. John Costigan has a right to sit where and vote how he pleases. The newspapers which are making such an ado over his conduct are doubtless going too far when they express the belief that he thinks that



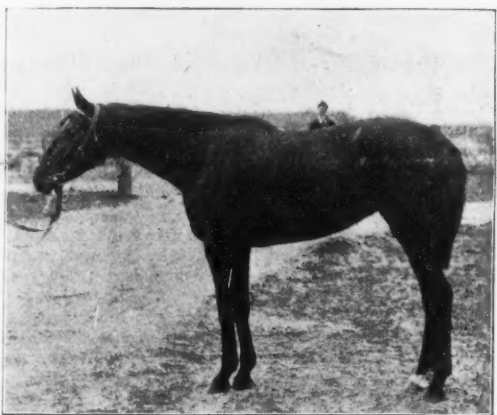
MARTIMAS.

Mr. William Hendrie's Futurity Winner.



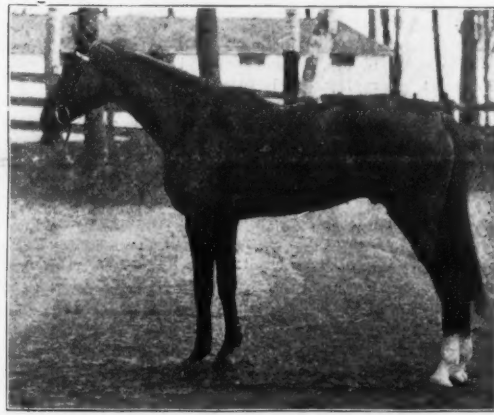
MR. JERSEY.

Mr. J. E. Seagram's Best Two-Year Old.



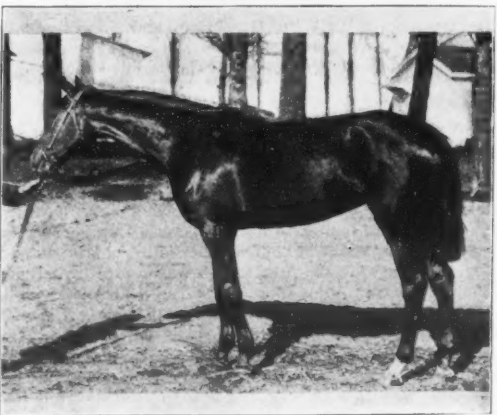
BON INO.

Mr. J. E. Seagram's Plate Winner of 1898.



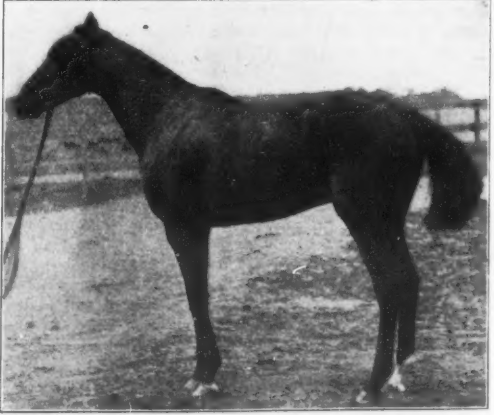
MR. DUNLAP.

The Steeplechaser from Montreal.



TODDY LADLE.

Mr. William Hendrie's Plater.



SIR VERE DE VERE.

Mr. J. E. Seagram's Hanover Colt.

halls, and lewd places of every sort. The preachers and their supporters have done more than any others to make the laws. Schoolteachers know more about teaching now in a week than the old fashioned people knew in a month. An indecent show is never allowed in a decent theater. If one seeks improper performances, one must almost invariably go to notoriously improper places. Newspapers are supported by the best class of the community, towns are better policed, and the country as well pulpit as ever before. Then why hang upon the lugs of the omnipresent but defenceless schoolteacher the failures of the present, when he was only more or less an incident of the past?

All I can say is that the tendency of the ministers of the Gospel has been to relegate many of the duties of the parents and the preacher to the schoolteacher. Every educational law on our statute books has this tendency. Every effort of the ministry has shown this same weakness. The parents have been anxious to get rid of the task of teaching their own progeny the virtues of life and grace of godliness. Almost every attempt of the preacher has been to escape from that for which he was ordained, and has been shown by clerical agitators for laws which would leave the whole onus on the schoolteacher, who is as liable to be an irreligious person as anyone else in the community. Those who have created this condition of things should be the last to complain of it. The duty left undone must be considered the fault, not of the one to whom the duty was improperly left, but of those clerics and parents who by evasions endeavored to avoid their God-imposed tasks.

THE necessities of the United States navy have forced the authorities at Washington to pay such wages and grant such immunities as will attract to their war vessels the necessary number of seamen. For many years the Maritime Provinces have contributed a large number of able-bodied seamen to the United States navy, and it is not a surprising condition of affairs that the British warships calling at Halifax find

meaning of naval regulations, and when this revolting punishment is inflicted it would certainly be wise in Canadian ports to restrain the gusto of the officer who lays on the stripes and forces blood to stream down wounded backs.

IF the officer in charge of the Thistle, of the Toronto Ferry Company's service, has been correctly reported as to the "detention" of last Saturday, his superiors should take him in hand at once. According to the statement published as his, a freight train had kept back the enthusiasts who desired to embark, and when the train pulled out the number that rushed on board the boat was greater than it should properly have carried. He explains that the gates were shut in the face of the crush, but broken down, and the vessel practically taken possession of by those who were determined to cross. He also appears to have alleged that it was impossible to get the crowd to leave his boat, and overlaid as it was, "it had to make the trip." However, it ran aground (or sank) and was further delayed, and we are told that the same thing, without the sinking, occurred on the return of the ferry boat.

If the captain is correctly reported he was thoroughly derelict in his duty when he left the wharf with an overlaid boat, and he must be lacking in executive ability, a knowledge of the law, and everything requisite to the master of a vessel, when he permitted an insubordinate outfit to practically run his steamer and make him do things which he felt to be improper and dangerous. Of course if he had delayed his steamer he might have spoiled the performance at the Island, but the performances at the Island are of much less importance than the proper conduct of our ferry boats. Had he refused to pull out, the performers and part of the spectators might have been left on this side; as it was, he took chances of the performers and their spectators being left at the bottom of the bay. The explanation seems almost too weak to be quite correct; but as it is possible that it sounds better than the truth, and it is quite probable that if the

the Irish Roman Catholic vote will follow him no matter where he goes, or that the Liberal Government imagines for a moment that he can carry the said vote no matter how he acts or where he goes. The Liberals would be very poor politicians indeed if they did not accept his proffered support; they would be still worse politicians if by heaping favors upon him which they deny to old supporters, they made it appear as if a compact had been arranged for the delivery of any certain vote and an official payment therefor to be made to Mr. Costigan.

Nothing seems more improbable to me than that any such compact was ever made, or that anything will be done to favor Mr. Costigan which in any way will indicate that he has not acted from personal and, as far as politics makes possible, unselfish impulses. If he is given a seat in the Senate, where it is presumed that independent men are desired, that certainly should be no reason for Mr. Costigan to be suspected of ulterior motives, or for the Government to be held as being guilty of purchasing his support—unless all such appointments are to be so held. If, however, he were made a Cabinet Minister under the present circumstances, it is certain that not only would the Liberals be suspected of laboring under the delusion that one Roman Catholic swallow makes a political summer, but of forgetting their old friends of the same creed in their eagerness to make new ones.

A LONG letter signed by Mr. George N. Morang appeared in Wednesday's *Globe* arguing in favor of a Canadian copyright law, and attacking what has been said on the other side of the Atlantic by Mr. T. Arnold Haultain. Mr. Morang makes his initial mistake by presuming that Canadian authors, few as they are, and Canadian writers, numerous as they are outside of the Authors' Society, object to a Canadian copyright enactment giving publishers ample justice. The general objection is to an Authors' Association composed of Mr. Morang, his secretary, and a few of his best customers, pretending to be the whole literary and publishing "push" of Canada. When Mr. Morang and his Authors' Society no longer declare themselves to be representative writers of this country, the way will be cleared for proper negotiations. If Mr. Morang desires a copyright law, let him cooperate with the Canadian Copyright Association. His whole letter proves that the imitation thing called the Canadian Authors' Society is nothing but a stool-pigeon of his publishing business, for of the special rights of authors his letter has nothing to say. He having dropped the authors, then, let him act with the publishers and not in defiance of them. Let him take his case to the right court and he will be heard. Until the field is cleared of this extraordinary and impertinent organization working under false pretenses, little or nothing can be accomplished by the Copyright Association, the Toronto Typographers, or the Printers' Unions, who are all vitally concerned in a proper copyright law.

WHEN the form of Peg-leg Brown, the murderer of Police Constable Twohey, disappeared through the trap arranged for him by the provincial hangman, Rev. Robert Johnston is reported as saying, "God forgive us; God forgive our country for this great wrong." It is thus capital punishment is kept from being the deterrent influence which it should be. Brown, the brutal one-legged negro tramp, who, it is said, had confessed his guilt to this same Rev. Dr. Johnston, as it was proved killed a police constable who was doing his duty, nearly two years ago. With the greatest possible difficulty the man was arrested and brought across the continent to pay the penalty of his crime, yet these hysterics of a preacher are put up to neutralize the deterrent effect of the brutal murderer's punishment. No attempt has been made to show that he was anything but a criminal; nothing has been said to indicate that the armed tramp who went about terrorizing women for food and committing crimes when mendicancy was not profitable, was of value to himself or the community, yet a preacher has worked himself up into an hysteria over the matter, and has practically done more harm than the execution of the tramp could do good. It is impossible to forbid religious men attending the last hours of condemned criminals, but it should be made impossible for the words of such self-advertisers or over-unctuous people to be reported in the public newspapers. The man was put to death on Scriptural grounds, and it is no excuse to say that the officer of the law held a revolver when the illegally armed tramp was committing a depredation and had to be restrained. It is this sort of thing, given us in the name of religion, which not only influences the weak-minded to become criminals, but impels the strong-minded to treat the average preacher as a person of the third sex in the enumeration of men, women and preachers.

THE CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY'S bills have been debated in Ottawa with acrimony which promises no good for anyone concerned. The Canada Life may be, and probably is, a one-man power, but it has been the most successful of Canadian companies, and attacks made upon it can only injure the company and the policy-holders. No one has yet been able to show that any amendment will be a benefit, yet everybody must see that the strongest arguments of those who desire to amend the charter must be an injury. Mutual life assurance companies have been distinct failures in nearly every instance, though strong concerns, managed ordinarily by one man, though a board may seem to direct the whole matter, have been successful, and it seems to me that our Toronto members and those who understand the subject and represent the public and policy-holders generally in Parliament, have been quite right in being loath to tinker with a corporate constitution which has enabled this great institution to make a record which is a credit not only to Canada, but to this continent. A compromise, however, should be possible.



BRING AN ORGANIZATION OF CERTAIN ACTIVE NEWSPAPER-WRITERS OF TORONTO AND OTHER CITIES AND TOWNS FOR THE PURPOSE OF HOLDING WEEKLY MEETINGS IN THIS COLUMN TO SETTLE BY CUMULATIVE DISCUSSION SEVERAL OUT-STANDING AND VEXED QUESTIONS.

Is Horse-Racing a Great Evil?

MacK prefers speeding in the ring.

as easy as some superficial assailants of the race-track would have you believe. To the perfect, all sin is alike sin; but to others, evils are comparative, some less and others greater. A burglar, for instance, with a jimmy and a pistol, may meet an acquaintance and play dominoes instead of going on to rob a preacher's house; dominoes being a game involving chance, it might have been deemed sinful of the preacher had he played the game, but dominoes played by the burglar prevents robbery and perhaps manslaughter. Yet so inscrutable are the ways of life that that preacher, unconscious of the debt he owes to dominoes, may stand up in a coat that he would have lost but for the game, and may preach, in a voice that would have been choked out of him but for the game, against dominoes and all games of chance. Surely this paragraph should make preachers pause. Horses, boys, dogs, birds—all living things will race, unless they are too lame, or fat, or lazy, i. e., unless they know they cannot win. As I have said, the men are to blame for whatever of evil is in racing. A pious provincial government will not tolerate racing at agricultural fairs, but has found a clean, wholesome and rurally acceptable substitute known as "speeding in the ring." I regret that I have not space wherein to fully describe this exhilarating competition between horses. It is not racing, but a system for ascertaining the respective speed of various horses. The animals are lined up at a mark and are sent off at the drop of a flag. The first one

in wins the heat, and the one that wins three heats out of five is adjudged the fastest and gets the sewing-machine or the turnip-drill that is offered as a prize. Usually Molly Bawn or Minnie B. wins, and the owners of these two have wagered \$100 on the result. There is no horrid betting-ring, the bets being made in the bar-room of the village tavern. It is felt to be quite legitimate to take an interest in the going qualities of horses, hence this novel and irreproachable system known as "speeding in the ring." It is not to be confused with that sport found at the Woodbine, boldly called sport and wickedly known as racing.

John Lewis says the horse is a noble animal.

The person who first remarked that the horse was a noble animal was at least partly right. The horse is certainly a dignified animal, preserving his grand air under the most discouraging circumstances. Frighten a dog and he runs away yelping with his tail between his legs, a mean and ridiculous spectacle; frighten a horse, and the animal finds an inspiring subject in his terror. The horse may be capable of mean and dishonorable actions, but he never looks mean. His wisdom has been doubted, but no animal can look wiser. He is by nature a sport, an autocrat and a warrior. Modern inventions, the locomotive, the electric car, the bicycle, have simply driven him out of arduous and plebeian occupations. In his own special line, that of displaying strength and swiftness, and at the same time putting on "side," he smiles disdainfully at his rivals. "He heard the trolley thunder past, then plunged in thought again." A man on a bicycle may go faster than a horse, but a bicycle race is a poor spectacle compared with that which will be seen at the Woodbine the coming week. As long as horses exist they will be objects of attraction to men and women, and as long as horses run people will watch them, argue and prophesy about their speed, choose favorites and back their judgment with money. Also thieves and thugs will come and take much treasure from would-be sports who obtain special and exclusive tips and feel that they are investing their money on a sure thing. I do not think these two classes of the community can be abolished by law.

Open to many objections says A. H. T. Colquhoun.

Horse-racing seems to involve a complete metamorphosis of character. The man of sedate demeanor, whose equipoise of mind you regard with admiration, becomes on this one day an eminently rakish and irresponsible individual. The horse, (I understand from the copy-books), is a noble animal. Yet on racing days he abandons dignity of bearing and is transformed into a mere stamping scrambler for notoriety. The effect on man and beast is thus equally injurious. Then there is the betting. In private life the man who always wants to take you up with a bet is a bore. Why should he be privileged on this day to wear the pleased air of a popular favorite? It is even charged that women bet at the races, but as the men ultimately provide the money, we need not stop to reflect upon the morality of vicarious prodigality. If horse-racing be defended on the ground that a certain portion of the community must, on occasion, relapse into the barbaric customs of its savage ancestors—surely there are other pleasures less expensive and more seemly. For the intellectual we have provided Hanlan's Point, while the feeble-minded find bicycling attractive. The races are open to many objections. You withdraw the horse from a respectable occupation at a time when electricity warns him to prepare for his latter end. You encourage men who hardly know a tail from a mane, to discourse learnedly on subjects about which they obviously know nothing, while money is spent which might profitably go to the foreign missions or the fund for superannuated washerwomen. There are doubtless other weighty objections, but they do not occur to me just at present.

It is not an evil says Marston Pogue.

There is nothing objectionable or reprehensible in the innocent and vivifying sport of horse-racing. It is one of the primal pastimes of human beings, and of all games and plays by which men and women are amused, the racing of horses is, in my opinion, the most commendable. Any man of understanding who has an atom of knowledge of a horse's nature, knows that the animal enjoys it keenly. And every man who has the romantic heart and the honest soul is thrilled to his heart's roots by the rush and verve of a horse-race. This heart-thrilling business and awakening of the old boyish spirit is good and wholesome for any man who walks always in the gravel-paths of convention and by habit keeps off the grass, like most of us. I expect that the church papers will be after me on account of this paragraph. One who has been burned fears the fire. It is one of my claims to eminence that the last time I wrote anything about horse-racing I was roasted—or reproved, if you like it better—by a prominent religious weekly. The roast—or reproval—was editorial and distinctly edifying in nature, and about two columns in length. But that was in May, '97, after the Woodbine races, and it is ancient history now. I have been at many race-tracks in the United States and Canada, but the track which I take most pleasure in visiting is the turf half-mile behind the Agricultural Hall where they hold the Mariposa township show-fair at Oakwood, Ontario. The frenzied struggles between the nags with long tails, in sulks, all "half-past two horses," as the French Canucks say; Uncle Ned, Lucky Billy, Mariposa's Pride, Bashful Maid, Dick Robinson's Pet, Old Squaw, Tomahawk and Billebedam, fill my youthful heart with delight.

Social and Personal.

MISS MOWAT sailed this week for England, where she is to enjoy a bicycle tour. A few days since the mistress of Government House treated herself to a fine little Cleveland bicycle, on which her friends wish her many a joyous hour and healthful trip through dear old England. Miss Mowat is accompanied by Miss Susie Richards.

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Osler have gone to Collingwood, where Mr. Osler is convalescing after his serious illness. Mr. Alan Sullivan, eldest son of the late Bishop Sullivan, is in town. Miss Helliwell and Miss Maude Dwight went to England last Saturday, as did also Mrs. Walter Gillespie and Miss Wragge.

Mrs. Grace gave a large afternoon tea on Monday for Mrs. Reeves of Montreal, in whose honor a luncheon and a tea were given last week also. The guest of honor is always popular, and was greeted by her early-coming friends as she received with Mr. and Mrs. Grace, and afterwards borne off so that people might have a longer pleasure than the hurried handshake on entering. The dining-room was devoted to refreshments, very nicely served by Albert Williams, and the wide windows being open, many ladies took seats on the veranda outside to enjoy the lovely evening and the cup and ices at the same time. Col. and Mrs. Eade were charming visitors who found time for the tea, coming with Major and Mrs. Greville-Harston, and Miss Gladys White of Quebec, happy and animated, was always surrounded. A few of the other people who were at the tea were: Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Cattanaach, Miss Kirkpatrick, Miss Crooks, Mrs. George Harman, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. George Evans, Colonel Millikan, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Paterson, Mrs. Miss Seymour, Mr. Percival Ridout, Mrs. and Miss Helen Armstrong, Mrs. W. Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, Mrs. and Miss Somerville, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Dr. and Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Hugh Sutherland, Mr. and Miss Wallbridge, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Henri Sydney, Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Drynan, Mr. Arthur Van-Koughnet, Mrs. and Miss Maule, the Misses Montgomery, Mrs. Machray, Mr. David Springer, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland, Miss Kirkland, the Misses Rowand, Mr. Oliver Howland, Miss Amy Rutherford, Mrs. A. Creelman, the Misses Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mr. Hood, Mrs. and Miss Bessie Hees, Mr. J. T. Small, Mrs. Dwight, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, Mrs. and Miss Brouse, Miss Rene Hugel, Mr. Boyd Magee, Major Tassie, Mrs. McKinnon, Miss May Walker, Mr. and Miss Cruse, Mr. Biggar, Mr. Harman, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Miles, Mr. Drake, Mrs. Willmott, Mrs. Archie Langmuir, Miss Violet Langmuir, Mrs. Neville, Mrs. George Dickson, Mrs. and Capt. Wyatt, Miss Jennie Hugel and Miss Rutherford were in charge of the

tea-room, and a bevy of pretty girls were to be seen on the lawn. The girl of girls, however, was bonny Annie Mary, the small daughter of the hosts. Mrs. Grace wore a very smart gown of white, black and rose, which is most becoming, and many other handsome frocks kept it company.

Mr. Christopher E. Bunting, third son of the late Mr. Christopher Bunting, so long the popular manager of the *Mail*, has been appointed Canadian Pacific ticket agent for Toronto. Not only the friends and companions of young Mr. Bunting, but the many friends of his late father, will be delighted to know of his promotion. Mr. Bunting, who is only about twenty-three years of age, is exceedingly popular, and no doubt has been placed in line for further preferment by the great corporation to which he is attached. Few young men have done or deserved better than the new C.P.R. ticket agent for Toronto.

On Monday evening His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Gauthier paid his first official visit to the Loretto Academy, Belleville, and right royally did the pupils and ladies of Loretto, assisted by the Mother Superior of Loretto Abbey, Toronto, receive His Grace. A musicale, the different choruses, solos, tableaux and recitations of which were most pleasing to His Grace and the large number of relatives and friends of the pupils who were present, was given. Where all the parts were so well performed it is difficult to choose the best, yet the fancy drill by the little boys and the recitation, *The Raven*, by Miss Dowery, with pantomime accompaniment by twenty young ladies, was most delightful. During the evening Miss Lillian McCallum read an address of welcome to His Grace, and Miss Mary Walsh and Miss Doyle, on behalf of the young ladies, presented bunches of roses. Then three white-robed fairies came forward with huge baskets of red roses and presented them, Miss Helena Downs to the Archbishop, Miss Marger McQuig and Miss Annie Ponton to the Right Rev. Monsignor. The Archbishop replied to the children's address in a happy strain. His Grace was followed by Col. Hendrick, who made a short congratulatory speech, and by the Right Rev. Mgr. Farrelly, the venerable pastor of St. Michael's, who has done so much to bring the Separate schools and the Loretto Academy to their present high state of efficiency, and who has always proved himself to be a loyal, true-hearted, whole-souled pastor, a veritable shepherd to his flock. The children who assisted in the entertainment were the Misses Stewart, Miss Forward, the Misses Downs, the Misses Ponton, Mrs. Matheson, Miss Hanley, Miss Belair, Miss Dowery, Miss McKinnon, Miss McCallum, Miss Anderson, Miss Howse, Miss Doyle, the Misses St. Charles, Miss Bourgoyne, Miss Turley, the Misses Mackie, the Misses McNeil, Miss Walsh, Miss Murray, the Misses Burke, the Misses Smith, and Masters Jenkins, Mackie, Ponton, Hughes, Coughlin, Warrington, Ketcheson, Quinlan and Hanley.

Mr. Charles A. E. Goldman, who is to row for the Diamond Sculls at Henley in July, has been a member of the Argonaut Rowing Club for the past six years, and passed his twenty-fourth birthday last February. His rowing weight is 160 pounds, and his height a trifle under six feet. This young stalwart in his shell is the picture of an oarsman, as the accompanying cut



Mr. Charles A. E. Goldman, the Argonaut, who will row at Henley for the Diamond Sculls.

admirably shows, and *tout* Toronto will give him its best wishes in his struggle for the race at Henley. Mr. Goldman, who was at that time in poor trim from lumbago, rowed last year at Philadelphia against Ten Eyck, who won, but this year the young oarsman is in prime condition, and though a modest fellow, should feel some confidence in his chances for a victory that would rouse Canadian enthusiasm to boiling point.

Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Larkin and son have spent the last ten days at Cannes and Nice, and they are now on their way to Rome, Naples and Venice.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Byrne and family, of Huron street, have removed for the summer months to 24 Hooper avenue, Center Island.

The marriage of Mr. Willie Gooderham and Miss Lily Paillips will take place next month. It will be a house wedding and the guests only the family circle. I hear the date is June 7.

The Premier of Ontario and Mrs. Hardy are now occupying the Speaker's apartments at the Parliament Buildings, where they will remain until the holidays.

A strong note of sadness mingles with the jocund voice of budding summer and the jollity of race week. News from Winnipeg came of the death of Mr. Richard Brough, son of the late Archdeacon Brough of London, and brother of Mrs. DuMoulin and Mrs. Lucius O'Brien. Mr. Brough was assistant postmaster at the Prairie City. For some years his health has not been satisfactory, but news of his death recalls to many of us the stalwart, handsome young man, who was one of London's most popular and fine fellows in the early seventies, when Dick Brough's name was another word for manly sport and good fellowship. Mr. Brough was fifty-four years of age, and leaves a widow and two children.

The semi-centennial celebration of Loretto Abbey is an event of next month which will be full of enthusiasm. The jubilee days will be June 13, 14, 15, and His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Minto, the Lieutenant-Governor and Miss Mowat, with an immense list of prominent ladies, are patrons. Further particulars will be given later.

Mr. J. Castell Hopkins has had the pleasure of a visit from his mother, who came down last week from Puget Sound. On last Tuesday Mr. Hopkins gave a small cosy tea in honor of his welcome visitor.

P. P. C. cards and regretful good-byes have told that those charming people, Mr. and Mrs. Hankey and Miss Hankey, had left town, after a winter in Toronto, where society welcomed and enjoyed them unusually well. They sailed last Saturday by the Scotsman from Montreal, and are doubtless by this time safe at Warwick square, London.

Mrs. Jarvis has had as a welcome visitor her charming daughter, Mrs. Brydges of Troy, N.Y.

Mrs. Cockburn is in Montreal with Mrs. Tait, her daughter. Mr. Tait left on Saturday for England. Later on Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn will open their Muskoka house at Birch Point and Mrs. Tait will spend some time with them there.

The residence of the late Sir David Macpherson, Chestnut Park, is to be turned into a Presbyterian boys' school shortly. I hear Rev. George Bruce of St. John, N.B., is likely to be principal.

Mrs. Dallas of Bloor street west is enjoying a visit from her daughter, Mrs. Peter of Winnipeg.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Tolmie Craig will be Islanders this summer. Mr. and Mrs. John L. Gibb of 11 Pine Hill Road are expecting Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Gibb of Lawrence, Mass., on a visit.

Professor and Mrs. VanderSmitten and their family have left town and will reside at their country home all summer.

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Three dome fastener, all shades, in green, blue, tan, red, slate, brown, black or white stitching..... 1.25

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Two dome fastener, black, tan, red, myrtle, black and white stitching, heavily stitched, pique sewn..... 1.50

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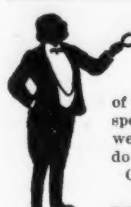
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Personal Notes from the Capital

THE general verdict is that a more splendid ball was never given at Government House than the one last Wednesday evening, when Lord and Lady Minto were the host and hostess. The arrangements were all excellent. There was no great crowd, although everybody one usually meets at large functions was there; the floor was good, the music good, and the supper quite the best for many years in the Vice-Regal supper-room. One great factor in the success of this ball was the weather. Had that gone back on it the out-door arrangements would have been useless and in consequence the ball-room overcrowded. But the weather behaved well. A star-lit summer's night, when the coolness of the gardens appealed to one after the warmth of the brilliancy indoors. The verandas were fashioned into fascinating resting places furnished with rugs, sofas and easy chairs in propinquity, dangerously suggestive of a *let-a-tele*. The gardens were lovely. No one has written of the ball yet without comparing these gardens to fairyland. Fairyland, indeed, is very lovely—most of us remember our trips to it in those early days long ago—but I shall avoid the simile which has become common. The fairies were not there either, but prosaic men and women, even if some of the latter were imprudent enough to wander out into the dampness of the night with bare shoulders and arms. Seats were arranged in tempting groups of two over the lawn as well as on the veranda, and in some cases these seats were very much shaded by the trees. From the lawn and the veranda one saw lines of many colored lights stretching off into the darkness as far as the eye could reach. As is customary at State balls, His Excellency Lord Minto and Lady Minto did not receive, but about ten o'clock, when all the guests were supposed to be there, they made their formal entry into the ball-room, an A.D.C., in the splendid uniform of the Coldstream Guards, clearing a way through the crowd, and the band playing the National Anthem. Major Lawrence Drummond, military secretary, Captain Lascelles, A.D.C., and Mrs. Grenfell, a lady who is stopping at Government House, were in the Vice-Regal train, while the *aide* who cleared the way was Captain Graham. Lord and Lady Minto took their places on the dais at the upper end of the room, over which hangs the splendid portrait of Lord Aberdeen in gorgeous robes of state. Lady Aberdeen, painted by Funck, used to hang beside the Earl, and her particular friends looked about anxiously, fearing lest some indignity had been offered her. But no! She was there in the ante-room to the ball-room, directly facing Lord Aberdeen. People about the dais, to whom Lord and Lady Minto bowed, went up and shook hands, but there was no formal reception. The State quadrille—as it is called, though why, when it is really the lancers!—was formed almost immediately. When it was over the real fun of the ball began. There were some beautiful gowns worn, of which the Countess of Minto's was, perhaps, the most beautiful.

happ, the most beautiful. She was as pretty as a picture, and so sweet and affable in her manner toward all her guests. Everybody was charmed with Lady Minto. Her dress was of white satin, with a short train and a clinging oversleeve that hung in points of lace studded with pearls and something iridescent. The corsage was trimmed with the same lace, put on very smooth and plain. There were no frills nor furbelows, only a cluster of real pink roses pinned on one shoulder. In her bonny brown hair was a circlet of diamonds resting on a pretty fold of blue velvet. Her bouquet was of pink roses. Lady Laurier, who in point of importance comes next to the Countess of Minto, wore pink satin with an applique design of iridescent trimming. In the *quadrille d'honneur* Lady Laurier danced with the Governor-General and Lady Minto with Hon. W. Mulock. There were a number of distinguished strangers at the ball, but none more distinguished or interesting than His Excellency from China, Kang-Yu-Wei, and his two secretaries, Claude Ley Kum and Loo Gee Wing. They wore the costume of their country, but in subdued tints, owing to the fact that Kang-Yu-Wei is in mourning for his brother, who was put to death by the Empress. He would have shared the same fate himself had not the good offices of some friends and a British man-of-war helped him to escape to America. There is a large price on his head which Chinese outside of China may be anxious to gain, so even during his trip through Canada His Excellency has been watchfully guarded by the Mounted Police of the North-West Territories. In fact, he never goes unguarded, although the public eye may not always detect the guard. For a man with a price on his head Kang-Yu-Wei was decidedly cheerful, and although he cannot speak English he managed, through the aid of an interpreter, to get on famously with the women both at the ball and at other entertainments given in his honor. Of these one of the most pleasant was a tea given by Lady Edgar, after which a visit was made to the Speaker's Gallery in the House of Commons.

Mrs. Alfred Denison is a popular lady from Toronto who has been a welcome visitor to the capital, and much made of at the State ball and other entertainments last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr of Toronto were among the vice-regal guests on Wednesday night. During their short visit to Ottawa Mr. and Mrs. Kerr were the guests of General and Mrs. Hutton at Earncliffe. Among the military men at the ball were two smart soldiers from Toronto, Captain Elmsley, A.D.C., and Captain Macdonald of Stanley Barracks.

The Countess of Minto and Mrs. Grenfell spent a day or two at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, last week.

Lady Edgar gave a tea on Monday for her guest, Miss Adeline Van Horne, daughter of Sir William Van Horne.

Ottawa, May 15, '98. AMARYLLIS.

Social and Personal.

Visitors in town this week are being coaxed to stay over for the Races, and are not always refusing. Several magnates from the Capital are coming, and if possible the Governor-General and Lady Minto are to honor the May meeting. Mr. and Mrs. Sifton intend spending a day at the Woodbine, both being ardent lovers of fine horses. Mr. Sifton's pair of North-West-bred blacks being one of the sights due to horse-lovers in Ottawa, as they speed along quiet suburban drives or rear and dance at the sight of an electric car. A half promise from an Ottawa beauty to attend the races here has caused quite a flutter among the fickle swains of Toronto. Several Montreal friends who are always rapturously greeted have signified their intention to grace the Members' enclosure. Altogether the O.J.C. meeting of 1898 is sure to be a most interesting one and very brilliant.

Birthday honors are being anticipated, foretold, sometimes even hoped for, by the friends of the likely recipients. It is whispered that this Twenty-fourth of May will shine upon a title for the greatest and best-looking Postmaster-General that has been, and that Hon. William Mulock will wear it at the wedding of his daughter. That no one has a better right to it is the opinion of quite a large majority.

Miss Ethel Palin and Miss Winnie Palin are leaving for a three months' stay in the Old Country, where they will visit relatives and make some delightful trips. Miss Helen Strange has arrived safely at her destination, and will not recross the herring-pond for at least a year. More's the pity, say her many Toronto friends.

Mr. Kintore Hirata, the clever and amiable Japanese gentleman who has spent many months in Toronto, has gone to Ottawa on business and may not return to this city.

Miss Joanna E. Wood has returned from New York to her home, The Heights, Queenston, where she will remain till such time as she goes abroad, which will be about mid-summer.

Mr. George Bruenech sails to-day for Iceland, where he will spend some time. The lands of snow and ice seem to fascinate this clever painter, who is not, as generally supposed, a native of Norway, but was born in France. Mr. Bruenech will be sure to get some lovely pictures from his trip to the North.

Mrs. J. B. Macpherson and Masters Nei and Hume sailed on the Teutonic on May 17 to pass the summer with relatives in Scotland.

Miss Margaret Anglin has been at home for a few days, arriving in town for the funeral of her brother Edward. On Tuesday morning Mrs. Anglin and Miss Anglin left for the West. Miss Anglin has an engagement of many weeks in San Francisco, where she plays in Heartsease, Lord and Lady Algy, The Liars, and other plays. In The Liars she takes the part of a young and foolish wife, led into all

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STORIES OF THE CANADIAN WEST.



SOMETHING = OF = A = GENTLEMAN.

BY CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.

Go chase the red deer o'er the heather;
Ride, follow the fox, if you can.
But, for pleasure and profit together,
O, give me the hunting of man!

—Kipling.



AR away to the West,
when the winds blow
cold across the plains
and men gather close to
the poplar fires and
talk, as Westerners do,
of other days, a skele-

ton of a story is sometimes told that
has a tendency to muddle one's ideas
of human nature.

Only a few old-timers remember it,
and what little is known is looked upon
as a Mounted Police tradition. But
even the old-timers don't know the
whole of it, and Broncho Bill never
told it. His life story would fill a
large book, but one man would never
know more than one chapter, for
Broncho Bill would disappear at the
end of each, and the book would be
a series of short stories, each com-
plete in itself. The men who remem-
bered him at Upper Canada College
as the best quarter-back in the fifteen
were not those who knew him in the
Colorado mines; those who recalled
the harum-scarum Trinity undergrad-
uate would not recognize him as the
Montana cow-boy, and no one could
believe that the dashing man about
town had become Broncho Bill, the
most daring whiskey smuggler in the
Canadian North-West.

Easy is the descent to Hell, and
when a reckless temperament is aided
by circumstances, everything, as the
American humorist has it, is specially
greased for the occasion. And in the
language of the West, Broncho Bill
was "a bad man," which, however,
merely meant that he would shoot at
the drop of the hat and take more
chances than the ordinary run of man-
kind. They didn't think him immoral.
Resenting an affront or settling a row
with an ounce of lead in Montana
or running a load of whiskey into the
Territories under the nose of the
Mounted Police, was not immoral ac-
cording to the Western standard. And
Bill had virtues, shining virtues. He
wasn't mean, and would blow in the
profits of a successful run in a week
in the most injudicious manner. He
was always true to his partners; the
only stipulations in the articles of
partnership he emphasized were not
to be taken alive, and the other man
should wash the dishes. He didn't
like washing dishes, he said, and he
wasn't going to do any time in gaol.
You see, a prohibitory liquor law, even
under circumstances that would just-
ify it if anything would, had the effect
of jumbling up the moral code in a
man's mind especially when a con-
siderable number of those who con-
sumed Broncho Bill's contraband
whiskey happened to be the officers
and men of the force whose duty it
was to send him to Stoney Mountain
penitentiary.

Broncho Bill told a sergeant one
night at Fort Walsh in the pauses
of a game of draw "that as he didn't
sell whiskey to Indians, never did and
never would, and as the police paid
for and drank it on the sly, he had
as much right to shoot as they had,
and he would, law or no law." And
the sergeant laughed and knew that
he would, and gave him an order for
two gallons to be cached in a bluff on
the Old Man river. And two weeks
afterwards the sergeant was called
into the orderly room and told that
the half-breed interpreter had brought
in word that Broncho Bill had crossed
the Sun river from Butte with a four-
horse team and wagon loaded for the
north, and that he was to take half a
dozen troopers and bring him in, dead
or alive, and the officer on duty in-
cidentally mentioned that the sergeant
should bring in the contents of the
said wagon.

It wasn't any of the civilian inter-
preter's business to go in for spying.
He did it once before and was sorry—
very. He didn't like Bill, for he had
brought on the sadness.

One night, a year before, while Bill
was attending strictly to business
with a desire not to interfere with
anybody else, he noticed a horseman
far off who took advantage of the
rolling prairie to keep out of sight as
much as possible. And Bill knew he
was being trailed. He told Jim to
drive on. He might be a long time
away, he said, as he mounted his half-
breed broncho, which "led" behind the
wagon; for Bill knew the Fort Walsh
interpreter's cayuse. It took about an
hour's hard running before he caught
him. And then they were within two
miles of Fort Walsh, but Bill knew
that the wagon was now miles to the
north and still going. And then he
became playful. That peculiarity of
his had fired him from Upper Canada
College. And he shook the little in-

terpreter for a few minutes, when an
idea struck him. It wasn't well for
people that ideas should strike Bill
when in a playful mood. And he
grinned as he took his lariat and tied
the half-breed's hands behind his back
and threw him on his cayuse. He
laughed as he rode along in the di-
rection of the fort, leading the pony
with its helpless rider, while the in-
terpreter didn't.

When they came to the high bluff
overlooking the fort from which a
few lights gleamed, and the self-ap-
pointed scout was kindly assisted to
dismount, the natural curiosity as to
what Bill was going to do with him
gave way to a supernatural dread of
the spot selected. It was the place
where the medicine man of the Blood
Indians resorted to when in a devo-
tional mood, to confer with a varied
and assorted number of spirits good,
bad and indifferent. That was the
way the medicine man made his liv-
ing. The interpreter was half Indian
and half believed in the incantations
of the medicine man and thought the
ground semi-sacred or otherwise and
he trembled; which didn't prevent
Broncho Bill twisting him up into a
shape until he looked like a trussed
turkey, and then tying him up that
way. A man that can throw the
"diamond hitch" as Bill could, and
has packed cayuses and mules for
four years in the Rockies, with the
aid of a horse-hair lariat, can tie
knots that make a sailor's eyes bulge
out. Bill sighed a little when he part-
ed with his silk scarf around the
mouth of the half-breed. "It's such
a hanged pretty one, but — the ex-
pense," as he tightened the last knot
and looked admiringly at his work.
And then he sat the inquisitive in-
terpreter up with two stones to keep
him steady in a position (he didn't
want him to fall and hurt himself—
he was considerate, was Bill) so that he
could see and be seen from the fort.
On a cold North-West October night
a good view of the warm, comfortable
fort a few hundred yards away, with
vivid thoughts of evil spirits pervad-
ing him, he thought might do the half-
breed good. He didn't do all the
thinking. A man with his mouth half
full of silk scarf, too much to make
chewing possible and too little to
stop his breath, can think, and it is
to be supposed that the half-breed
thought, as Bill with his old French
accent that had brought him many a
caning, murmured sweetly as he
sprang on his broncho. "Bong soir."

The interpreter didn't deign to reply.
Bill knew that there would be com-
manding officers' parade next day. It
was his business to know police du-
ties and he knew that an hundred
men would be manoeuvring before the
eyes of their interpreter for a couple
of hours, much to his moral edifica-
tion, for they would think he was the
medicine man getting in his fine work,
and then he was aware that about
nightfall a search would be made and
the interpreter would be found. And
Bill was right.

"Form squadron," the commanding
officer would yell, "to the left," and
the interpreter's heart beat to an ex-
tent that nearly broke the lariat.
"Form fours, to the right; trot," and
he would shrivel up until his bonds
hung limp. A charge at the gallop
brought them within a few yards and
his heart got tangled up with Bill's
pet silk scarf. But all that came of
it was to hear a remark of a trooper
when they came to the halt: "That
old fakir seems to have a good, steady
job," and the answer, "He seems to
be holding it down." And he neces-
sarily swore inwardly. A miniature hill-
side in October, with a keen north-
easter blowing, with your friends a
few hundred yards away beside nice-
glowing poplar fires while you survey
the whole matter with your chin and
knees almost untinged for about eighteen
hours, is not conducive to kindly feel-
ings towards the gentleman who has
put you in that awkward, not to say
embarrassing, position, even if you
know that you are not going to die.
And he sat on, having nothing else
to do. Then two Mounted Policemen,
Cockneys, wishing for a homesick
chat about "Appy Amstead," and the
delights of "Lunnun," wandered
towards him, waiting for "stables" to
sound. They threw themselves on the
hillside fifty yards away. "Blow me,"
said one, "if that blooming old cove
hain't up there yet. Saw him at
revelly, saw him on parade, and there
he is, perched like a statue in 'Yde
Park yet. What's 'is game?" And the
interpreter could have told them,
if he had been permitted, that he was
playing a "sitting game." And he
tried to make his ears talk. "Must
be bloody uncomfortable the way 'e's
curled up." And the half-breed agreed
with him. "Wonder 'ow long the

beggar's going to keep it h'up?" The
interpreter was intensely anxious on
the same point. "Let's get back;
stables will go in five minutes.
H'll 'ave a shy at the hold 'eathen
first, and get a wiggle out of 'im,"
and he fired a clump of sun-dried mud
at him. The interpreter never flinched
but it is to be supposed he resented
being made a cock-shot of. "Good
shot. Two h'anches from 'is 'ead and
'e never moved; plucky beggar. Must
'ave one more," and the interpreter
kept on thinking. "Three h'anches too
'igh and 'e never stirred; must be
dead. I'll see."

"It must have been an 'hartist that
did this," said one as he cut the
lasso.

And the interpreter lay on his back
and stretched his benumbed limbs and
expressed his opinion in French, broken
English, and six distinct Indian
languages of the "hartist" till the
sweet ozone of the prairies was
changed into vaporous sulphur.

The sergeant was glad that the in-
terpreter had turned spy and informer
again. For two years Broncho Bill
had defied law and authority in the
Territories. Countless were the es-
capes he had and reckless were the
risks he ran, and the saloons of He-
lena and Butte rang with laughter at
his clever befooling of the red-coated
riders of the plains, and the Sergeant
knew that his chances of a commis-
sion were good if he brought Broncho
Bill into Fort Walsh with evidence of
his law-breaking. As he and his six
troopers clattered out of the Fort,
guided by the interpreter, if he remem-
bered the promised cache of two gal-
lons at all, he only thought that in the
game of life in the West the cards men
played with were their lives, and while
Broncho Bill was a sort of a friend of
his, still Bill was a whiskey trader and
took his chances, he was a policeman,
and also took his chances. The game
was fair all around.

Broncho Bill probably thought the
same way, as his quick ear detected
their steady lope one night as he and
his partner were slowly making their
way under cover of the semi-darkness
northward, a day out from Fort Mc-
Leod. The prairie was as level as a
billiard table, and Bill looked around
in vain for a bluff to cache the con-
traband.

"We'll have to run for it, Jim," he
said to his partner.

They halted the team and Bill in-
spected the harness, while the sounds
of the advancing horsemen grew omin-
ously near.

"Incline gradually to the left, off
the trail, Jim," said Bill. "There's
seven or eight of them. There'll be a
running fight for it. You tend to your
driving, I'll do the rest. Now let 'em
loose!" and Broncho Bill's voice was
quiet but business-like as he jumped
up behind.

The four half-broken bronchos felt
the cut of the rattlesnake from ear to
tail and bounded forward into the
night, and Bill got out the two
Winchesters and made himself as
comfortable as possible among
the kegs in the body of the
wagon. He knew that they would be
discovered, but he trusted to luck, a
friendly badger hole and the shooting
of a couple of horses to rid him of pur-
suit. But luck wasn't with him. Not
a troop-horse found a badger hole in
which to break its leg, and he could
see in the clearness of the Northwest-
ern night the eight pursuers a few
hundred yards away, and he mechani-
cally pumped a cartridge into the
chamber of his rifle. The four-horse
team was going at full gallop and
the heavily laden wagon was plunging
over the rough prairie land.

"Throw out some of those kegs,
Bill," said Jim. "Not if I know it,"
was the answer. "If they can catch
us loaded they can catch us empty.
Might as well be killed for a sheep as
a lamb. You watch your horses, I'm
doing this." And Jim brought the
cruel lasso down again and again on
the backs of the maddened bronchos.
But nearer and nearer came the police
on their grain-fed half-breeds. Bron-
cho Bill saw that it wasn't a question
of racing much longer. The Sergeant
was a hundred yards ahead of his men
and within speaking distance. Bill
heard the command, "Stop! In the
Queen's name, Stop!"

"Stop, be d—d," yelled the whiskey
smuggler, as the bullet from the Ser-
geant's revolver whistled above his
head. "Stop yourself!" And the
troop-horse plunged forward on its
head, shot through the breast.

The pain from his broken collar-bone
was intense, but the Sergeant sat by
his dying horse and as his men came
up, half screamed: "On! go on! boys,
and shoot to kill," and the little troop
swept on with a roar. Jim heard it,
and there was the suspicion of a trem-
or in his voice as he said:

"They mean business this time, Bill.
We'll have to throw up our hands."

"When you weaken on those rib-
bons, you drop," And Jim, who had
turned his head to hear how his partner
would receive the suggestion,
looked down the barrel of a Winches-
ter and saw a face at the other end of
it with a look of mad devilry in it
that showed the much dreaded fever
of fight possessed Broncho Bill. And
he drove on with head bent low on his
crouching shoulders, for the shots from
the police carbines were flying close.

"There's one less in that mess," he
heard Bill say, with a savage laugh as
the Winchester barked. "And here's
another," and he could hear the clank
as another cartridge was pumped up.

"Missed by —"

But the next shot told, for Jim shud-

dered as he heard a death scream off
to the left.

"It's a hanging matter now," he
thought, and brought down the snake
whip again and again on the almost
exhausted horses.

"Only five now," he could hear Bill
say. "I think another will"—there
was a stifled sound and Bill continued,
"I'm hit, Jim. Bad, I think, but drive
on. Keep 'em agoing."

But Jim saw that the rifle had
slipped from the grasp of Broncho Bill
and he threw up his hands. The
horses, not feeling the pressure on the
reins or the cut of the whip, slowed
up, and in a minute the recumbent
form of Broncho Bill and the driver
were covered by the revolvers of four
policemen.

"The game's up, pardner," said Jim.
"They hold too many cards, old
man," answered Bill, feebly, "and I
guess I'm called down."

They put him in the Fort Hospital
at McLeod and were good to him, for
they knew a man with a carbine bullet
through one of his lungs isn't long for
this world, and the mounted police
like a man who dies game. They
would come in and chat, even those
who had captured him, and showed a
curious sort of sorrow. But Bill would
laugh quietly and tell them he would
be out of the way in a few days, and
there was no use making a fuss about
the matter. It wasn't their fault.

On the last day he indolently asked
who the officer of the day was that
had just been at his bed side, and
when he was told Captain —, just
transferred from "K" Troop on the
Saskatchewan, his face quivered for a
few seconds, and there came a strange
quietness upon him and a stranger
look into his eyes. For he knew that
he had met the husband of the sister,
whose playfellow he had been when
he was a roystering undergraduate
and she a sweet-faced child in short
frocks.

"The Captain will be 'round again
this evening, Bill," said the hospital
orderly, who noticed the change in his
patient, but Broncho Bill didn't hear
him.

When the Captain came that night
and spoke kindly to the dying smug-
gler, and asked him his name and
wished to know if Bill would let him
write to his friends, Bill gave a pec-
uliar smile and thanked him and said
his friends thought him dead years ago.
And then there came up in Broncho
Bill a yearning desire to see the little
golden-haired sister that he had known
in happier days who was almost within
the call of his feeble voice. One word,
one look, one touch of her hand before
he died wouldn't be so hard, and he felt
that death wouldn't be so hard, with
all his past crowding thick and fast
upon him, if one of his own blood would
close his eyes afterwards in that land
of strangers. When the Captain asked
again if there was anyone to whom he
would care to send any word, the
struggle was fearful within him. It
was too much for the already weak-
ened body. His breast heaved convul-
sively, and as the life-blood dyed his
lips he huskily answered, "No, thank
you," and his soul went out to meet
its God.

"I don't know, but I cannot help but
think," said the Captain in an absent
way at supper, after he had told his
wife about the death in the hospital,
"that there was something of the gen-
tleman somewhere about that whiskey
trader."

And the Captain's wife asked her
husband if he was sure that he had
enough sugar in his tea.

Toronto, May, '99.

A Serious Time.

A Quebec Farmer Suffered for Nearly
Ten Years.

Had the Best of Medical Treatment, and
Tried Hot Springs Without Receiving
Benefit—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills
Cured Him.

Mr. John Story, of Maryland, Pon-
tiac County, Que., is well known to all
the residents of that section, and his
cure from an unusually severe attack
of rheumatism, by the use of Dr.
Williams' Pink Pills, after all other
remedies had failed, has, if possible,
added to the popularity of this favor-
ite medicine. Mr. Story gives the fol-
lowing statement of his suffering and
cure. He says: "Some ten years ago I
was engaged in railroad work on the Lake
Superior section of the C. P. R. I was
exposed to all kinds of weather, and as
a result sustained a severe attack of
rheumatism, which all but crippled
me, and from which I suffered much
agony. I spent more than a hundred
dollars on doctors and for medicine,
but was gradually getting worse and
finally had to quit work. At this
juncture the doctor told me that he
did not think medicine could cure me,
and advised me to go to some hot
springs. I took his advice and went
to the Harrison Hot Springs, in
British Columbia, where I remained
for eight weeks under the care of the
house physician, but experienced no
benefit. I then went over to Ta-
coma, and took a course at the
Green River Hot Springs, but with
no better result. Completely dis-
couraged, I returned to my home in
Quebec, and went to farming, but the
rheumatism bothered me so much that
I could scarcely do my work. Dr.
Williams' Pink Pills were recom-
mended to me, and I decided to give them
a trial. After taking a few boxes I
found they were helping me and I
continued their use until I had taken
sixteen boxes, by which time every
vestige of the trouble which had bother-
ed me for years, and had cost me so

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much money, had disappeared. It is
now more than a year and a half
since I discontinued the use of the
pills, and during that time I have not
had the slightest symptom of the
trouble, which I regard as the very
best evidence that the cure is perma-
nent.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a spe-
cific for all diseases arising from an im-
poverished condition of the blood or a
shattered condition of the nervous
system, such as St. Vitus' dance, loco-
motor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis,
sciatitis, the after-effects of jaundice,
loss of appetite, headache, dizziness,
chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They
are also a specific for the troubles
peculiar to the female system, correct-
ing irregularities, suppressions and all
forms of female weakness, building
up the blood and restoring the glow
of health to pale and sallow cheeks.
In the case of men they effect a rad-
ical cure in all cases arising from
mental worry, overwork or excesses of
any nature.

Protect yourself against imitations
by insisting that every box you pur-
chase bears the full name Dr. Wil-
liams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If
your dealer does not have them they
will be sent, post-paid, at 50 cents a
box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by ad-
dressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine
Co., Brockville, Ont.

Hats

The more I think of this and that,
The more I wonder why a hat
Should be a garden or a hearse—
A chicken-coop, or even worse—
A natural history parade
Of murdered things in every shade.
The more I wonder why its crown
Should be a landscape, red and brown,
Of autumn leaves, bedecked and strewn
With cherries bright that come in June.
And is it just an idle whim
That builds a plaza for a brim,
Then boasts it with plants and flowers,
And litters it with Eiffel towers?
No wonder men are prone to swear
At the obstructions women wear.
The more I think of everything,
From polar snows to birds in spring,
The more I wonder why a man
Should wear a black inverted can,
The which is dearer to his heart
Than pen can paint or tongue impart.
Or why the sage who can afford
Should sport a crippled mortar-board,
Which annoys the affair he pops
The instant that the curtain drops.
And here the doubly more I ponder,
For, with an ugly burst of thunder,
A foot or two into the air
Explodes the thing these creatures wear.
No wonder women wonder why
Men blame the harmless things they buy.
—J. B. in Life.

Is Civilization a Failure?

Vancouver Province.

THINGS are in a bad way in
Toronto if the clever con-
tributors to the Newspaper
Club in Toronto Saturday
Night are to be believed.
Last week they discussed the ques-
tion of whether or no civilization was
a failure, and all but one decided that
it was. The one who thought that
there was some hope for civilization
confessed that he took that view be-
cause he had a wheel. Now this is
very, very sad, indeed. Things must
have changed much since the present

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Fitting

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Edge

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has half its

Wear

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Skirt Binding

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It Didn't Work Just Right.

A fond mother reproved her son for
asserting his dislike of a certain rough
playmate. "When he wants to fight
don't you fight him," she said, "but
remember the proverb about 'coals of
fire.' The next time he becomes dis-
agreeable offer to share with him
something that you have. It will be
much better in every way." And Har-
old said he would.

The next day he invested ten cents
in a baker's pie, and just as he had
purchased it he met the odious Jerry.
"Hello, kid!" shouted the latter;
"I guess I'll have ter lick yer agin."
For answer Harold broke the pie in
two and gave the larger half to the
wretched youth, who gulped it down
with grunts of amazement and satis-
faction.

"Say, kid," he mumbled, "that was
fine. What made yer gimme it?"
"Because you hit me yesterday,"
was the gentle answer.

Jerry drew off and planted a thump-
ing blow on Harold's chest that nearly
knocked him over.
"Now, go git another pie."

"Some day," said the high-browed
young man, "I expect to have the
world at my feet." "What have you
been doing all this time," snarled the
cynic; "walking on your hands?"—
Washington Star.

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end of housecleaning.
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THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.
Unprincipled makers are offering an inferior soap the same in color and shape as **BABY'S OWN**. **BEWARE!**



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Dramatic Surprises in the Law Courts.

SOME of the evidence which at times turns the scales of justice conclusively in favor of one side or the other is quite dramatic in its simplicity.

Not long ago an Oregon settler brought an action for the recovery of his ranch, which, he contended, had been wrongfully taken from him, as he had satisfied all the legal conditions to confirm his title. His suit progressed promisingly up to a certain point, when its complexion was entirely changed by the production in court of a nest of mice. It was proved that the nest with its large family of mice had been found in the settler's bed, thus furnishing the most complete evidence that he had not occupied the ranch according to law.

A similarly simple piece of evidence recently cleared a man from a very serious charge. He was accused of assaulting a fellow-passenger in a railway carriage, and would, undoubtedly, have been convicted if he had not been able to prove that at the time the charge was made he was seen to be smoking a cigar with an unbroken ash so long that it was impossible for him to have moved from his seat for some time before it was alleged the assault had been committed.

A Mile. Page recently found a triumphant release in the Paris Appeal Court from a sentence of six months' imprisonment that had been passed on her in an inferior court. She had been seen through the windows of her villa by some of her neighbors, dancing in a manner which they considered objectionable; and as the result of their information to the police, she was sentenced to this term of imprisonment.

When the case came before the Appeal Court the fair danseuse asked her judges to adjourn to a private room, and there she executed the dances complained of for their judgment. She was promptly acquitted, and left the court without a stain on her character.

Some years ago a man, who had committed a murder in Germany, was convicted under very dramatic conditions. The murdered man, a soldier, had a pet monkey, which was devotedly attached to him, and which had been the only spectator of the crime. All efforts to find the murderer had failed, when, as a last resource, it was decided to call out the company to which the murdered soldier belonged, in the hope that the monkey might be able to point out the criminal, if, as was suspected, he was a fellow-soldier of his victim.

The monkey, as if realizing what was expected of him, scanned the lines of soldiers closely, until, his eyes resting on one man, he flew at him, jabbering and screaming in his rage, and attacked him furiously. The soldier, overcome by fright, confessed before the whole company that he was the murderer.

A short time ago the manager of a Calcutta tea-garden was found brutally murdered, and all trace of his assassin seemed to be lost. When looking over the victim's papers and books, a very faint thumb-print was found on an atlas, and it was thought that it might have been left there by the murderer. The atlas was sent to the "Bursar," where it was found that the thumb-print corresponded line for line with that of a well-known criminal. The man was arrested on this clue, and ultimately made a full confession of the murder.

A very conclusive piece of evidence in a recent Quebec breach of promise case was a cuff on which the disloyal swain had pencilled his proposal some months earlier, and which the plaintiff, with a prudent eye to contingencies, had preserved from the wash.

In a recent murder trial at St. Louis the prosecution produced in court a series of three photographs, exactly reproducing the stages of the murder as described by an eye-witness. From the conversation between the murderer and his victim on the latter's doorstep, to the fatal firing of the revolver.

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This then is why no person need suffer from this agonizing complaint. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets cure it, and keep it cured.

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Mean Trick on the Hens.

Yankee Way of Making Them Work Overtime.

"HATE to tell this story," said the man from Long Island, as he raked his chin whisker with his fingers. "It's a tale of deception and the betrayal of the confidences of faithful, hard-working creatures."

"Well, to tell it down, it was this way. A thin-faced Yankee moved over from Connecticut, bringing with him about fifty hens. He fixed up the old barn on the place next to mine, which he bought, and he installed the poultry, with three or four arrogant roosters, in this here barn. He gave out, although he didn't talk much, that he was a-goin' to run an egg farm. He called it an egg ranch. As he wasn't sociable to any large extent, and was in the habit of drinkin' by himself, nobody paid much attention to him. We let him potter around and just formed the conclusion that he was a mighty mean man. And, by ginger spruce! he was the meanest low-downed cuss that I ever run up against, and we have some pretty mean members of the tribe over in Long Island.

"Well, things went along, and this fellow—Perkins was his name—went down to the railroad station every day 'n' shipped his eggs to N' York. One day Sam Martin came to me and sez, sezee:

"'Joe, how many hens has that 'ere Perkins fellow got layin' for him?'"

"Well, I didn't know edactly, but the postmaster, who keeps the grocery store as a side-show to his business with Uncle Sam, he chipped in 'n' says: 'Whys, he's only got fifty hens; I counted 'em.'"

"That's jes' what I thought," says Sam, and that's why I ast ye. Ye see, that fellow's sendin' about twelve dozen eggs to their city every day. He can't make eggs, 'n' he don't steal 'em, for nobody's missed none, so where 'n' thunder does he get 'em?'"

"To tell the truth, we all thought Sam was mistaken, but the next day I was down at the railroad station, and so were a lot of others. Sure enough, Perkins shipped about twelve

dozen eggs to the market.

"Now, you folks who live up here can't think how that Perkins egg situation bothered us. We stopped talkin' politics, church squabbles were lost sight of, 'n' we didn't do anything but talk about the Perkins egg output daytime and in the post-office at night. Bimeby it came to a crisis. The strain was a-gettin' too heavy. We were losin' sleep over the matter. It was decided that we must investigate. We appointed a committee, and went out to Perkins's place. But do you think he'd let us get within ten feet of that barn? Nary."

"We felt bad over our throw-down for a day or two, till finally somebody suggested that Perkins had cast a spell on the hens. The thing looked supernatural, uncanny, you know; so, to get at the gist of the whole thing, we decided to sneak out to that barn some night about midnight. Well, we did, 'n' I'll never forget that night till my dying day. We sneaked up to the barn. Everything was quiet, 'n' we didn't notice that he'd run electric light wires from the big hotel into the barn. Howsumever, we got bold, 'n' one of our gang threw open the barn-door.

"Say, gentlemen, it was the saddest sight of my life. I've seen deceived women and such, but this beat 'em all, for those hens were dumb creatures. What'er think this mean cuss of a Perkins had done? Well, he'd hung up painted scenery, like we see in theaters, all around the sides of the barn, to look like landscape. Then from the middle of the roof hung down a dozen electric lights. Around the sides of the barn, in their boxes, set the most woe-begone, dejected, worn-out set of hens you ever saw. If you ever saw agony in a hen's face it was there. Why, they had almost human lines of care writ in their faces.

"You see the game of this Perkins party was a slick one. It was this way. He'd turn on the electric lights for four hours, 'n' the hens would do their duty 'n' lay their usual eggs. Then he'd turn off the lights, 'n' go to bed. He'd let 'em sleep for four hours, 'n' then slap would go the lights on again, full glare. The misguided hens would think it was another day,

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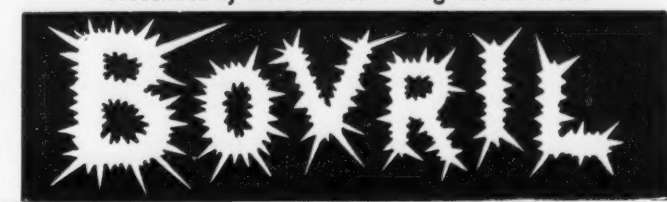
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and strain themselves—work overtime, as it were—and lay another egg apiece. The poor things didn't know how they were fooled, but they knew something was wrong, 'n' the appealing looks they turned to us made us almost cry. Say, some of those fowls was on the verge of suicide.

"Well, we held an indignation meeting the next day, 'n' the result was that this Perkins feller moved back to Connecticut to dodge the Cruelty to Animals people."—New York Sun.

Mrs. Captain Braggington—My husband won renown on the tented field. Sally Gay—Why, I didn't know he had ever travelled with a circus!—Puck.

Her Saucer Came Back.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

THERE are tricks in all trades but ours," remarked one member of a group seated in the lobby of a hotel last night, "and I might add there are a few in ours."

The speaker is the head of a well-known firm of wholesale grocers. "Not so long ago," he continued, "when I was still in the retail trade, we had a shrewd Irish woman for a customer. One day she ordered a barrel of a certain brand of flour. We happened to be out of the brand, but I told her we could send her a barrel of another brand equally as good.

"A week or so afterward she came into the store and declared that she didn't like the flour and insisted on having it taken back and the brand she wanted sent instead. Well, we hauled the flour back to the store, and, being still out of the brand wanted, filled up the returned barrel, put in a new head and carted it back to the woman again.

"We heard nothing more about the matter for three weeks, when one day she came into the store in a highly indignant frame of mind.

"I want you to send up to my house and haul that flour away," she exclaimed. 'I told you it was no good.'"

"No good," I replied. "Why, you know it is the brand you ordered."

"The woman glared at me. 'It is no such thing!' she blurted out. 'You sent me back the same barrel I had.'"

"Of course I denied it, laying particular stress on her value to us as a customer and how we would not risk losing her trade on account of a measly barrel of flour. 'Why, madam, I ejaculated eloquently, 'how could you think of such a thing? Ours is too honorable a house to cheat its customers or to ask them to accept a substitute for something they liked!'"

"Then the woman grinned at me. 'Huh!' she retorted, 'that's all very fine. But I had two bakin's out of the first barrel before I sent it back.'"

"Yes," I assented, "and you got a full barrel in return. Doesn't that prove—"

"Prove nothing," she interrupted. "The first two bakin's out of the barrel I got the second time were all right. But I want you to know that I always take my flour out of the barrel with a saucer. When I got down to the third bakin' out of the second barrel I—"

"Yes," I interposed, "what did you do?"

"I found my saucer," was the answer. "Then she swept out; and it was well she did, for I came near falling in a faint. It was months before that woman would condescend to trade with us again."

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The Ontario Jockey Club Races

Some Precise Information and Prophecy About the Events and the Horses.

A CHAIN of propitious circumstances has made this, the opening day of the Woodbine race meeting, the greatest in the history of the Ontario Jockey Club. There cannot be good racing without good fields of horses, and the Club has been particularly lucky in having plenty of entries. So large has the number been that many of the races will have to be split, and the result will be seven races a day instead of six, the usual number. This year Toronto starts the Canadian circuit, and many owners who would not have journeyed so far for a seven days' meeting found it to their advantage to come, as they can follow up the Woodbine by going to Montreal, Fort Erie and Highland Park. The good name of the Club has been heralded abroad, and each succeeding year will see the meeting prosper all the more, providing that visitors are treated fairly and courteously.

There was very nearly a disruption a few days ago when the statement was made that the Club intended collecting forfeits due the New York Jockey Club on colts bought at the New York sales and now in Canada. Many of the best known horses at the track were purchased under such circumstances, the buyers never intending to run them on any of the four tracks owned by the Mogul organization of Gotham and consequently never expecting any interference, and they unhesitatingly stated that they would take their horses away from Woodbine should the O. J. C. attempt to collect.

Of course the Club has the right to refuse entries and even to scratch a horse already entered, but it seems hardly reasonable to suppose that the officials will make enemies of visiting horsemen in order to collect the back debts of an organization that has no jurisdiction over the Ontario Jockey Club or any other racing association in Canada. It would be suicidal at this juncture in Canadian turf history.

Of all the hundreds of horses now at Woodbine, Mr. William Hendrie's Martimas is undoubtedly the king. He may be beaten at this meeting by horses which have been racing this season, but that will not detract from his quality. The King of American two-year-olds, he promises to be equally successful as a three-year-old, and when he meets Jean Berand his friends will expect him to beat him as he did in the Flatbush Stakes last year. His work at Woodbine this year has been impressive. All his trials have been performed in imposing style and he ran so easily that timers could hardly believe their watches. The other good horses which raced with him ran their heads off, while he loomed along in front, looking now at the grand-stand and then at the field.

Mr. Hendrie has entered him in the Toronto Cup, the richest stake of the meeting and one which always brings together the best horses in training here. This year it will be the greatest race ever seen on Canadian soil.

Mr. Alexander Shields has Topmast, fresh from a victorious season in the West; M. J. Daly has his dark horse Frohman; J. E. Seagram has Tragedian, Bon Ino, Satirist and Connoisseur; M. J. Lynch has King Carnival, a horse that won everything at Fort Erie as a two-year-old last year, and G. W. Graydon has Duke of Middleburg, the horse that caused a sensation in the East three weeks ago.

The race this year is at a mile and an eighth, and if the track is good a new record may be looked for. At present it looks as if Tragedian, Martimas and Topmast are the best. Tragedian will have to carry 121 pounds. With ten pounds less he would be a legitimate favorite, because everyone knows that he can go the distance. Martimas, on the other hand, has never yet run a mile in a race, but his trainer does not think that the distance will trouble him. His trial of a mile and a furlong on Monday in 2:02½, with plenty of speed to spare, seems to indicate that he likes a journey.

Mr. Hendrie will also start Gold Car in this race. This horse in his last race finished first ahead of Box, Roysterer, Dr. Parker, Bannock, Sir Florian and Duke of Middleburg.

Satirist will be in light at 101 pounds. He has shown phenomenal speed at the old Newmarket track, and if the race goes to one of the light-weighted division he will be found knocking at the door.

Frohman, the dark horse, was shipped all the way from San Francisco, and his shrewd owner, M. J. Daly, would not pay \$800 freight on a horse unless he saw a chance of getting his money back.

The Hunters' Flat, which will be decided to-day, looks like an easy race for Mr. L. Reinhardt's Romancer. This horse is of higher class than the ordinary hunter, and showed a mile trial in 1:48½ at the Newmarket track, where he has been trained. Last year he won all his races

easily and seems fit enough to follow up his victories this year.

The Juvenile Plate will bring together the best lot of youngsters ever seen on the track. Mr. Seagram has Mr. Jersey and Cobourg, two colts which, on their first appearance at Woodbine, ran three furlongs in 30½ seconds. The former is by Hanover, sire of Ben Hollanday, present favorite for both the Brooklyn and Suburban Handicaps, and the latter is by Himyar, dam Grace Lee.

These colts will have to beat: Celeste, Allenna and Waterwick, the California-bred youngsters of the Shields string; Ice Drop and several others of the Daly stable; White Clover, the best of the Hendrie colts; May S., a fast filly of the Johnston string, besides a batch of others belonging to Rice & Burrows, H. N. Stover, John Brennan, J. S. Wadsworth and G. W. Graydon. Those who have seen the colts work say that Mr. Jersey and Cobourg can take them all into camp, and that the black and yellow will be first past in the Juvenile Plate.

There are many people who would like to see Mr. William Hendrie win the Queen's Plate, but an almost equally large number wish to see Mr. Seagram capture the guineas ten times in succession. The Seagram people will get their wish this year, for beyond the shadow of a doubt the Plate will go to Waterloo again.

A few weeks ago it was thought that Mr. Dymont's plater, Belcourt, might get to the front, and she was backed down to 1 to 1 in the winter book. This was chiefly on account of the fact that she was, and is, a racey-looking mare, and had been more highly tried as a two-year-old than Maratana, the plater from the same stable that gave Bon Ino such a good race for a mile last year.

But when Belcourt was tried at Woodbine she showed a decided indisposition



Tod Sloan.

"As I Imagine Him," by S. H. Sims in the *Butterfly*.

to run, and her trials have been remarkable for their slowness. Her best work for the plate distance is 2:21, and even at that slow gait she seemed to wish to quit when urged in the stretch.

Dr. Andrew Smith's Abbotford, another rival of the black and yellow, injured his leg by stepping into a soft spot on the back stretch and it was found necessary to lay him up for a week. Had it been possible to train him up to the minute he might have been a factor.

The only candidates left are the four Hendrie platers, and by their work on Tuesday these might as well have been left on the farm. Toddy Ladle with Butter Scotch was sent a mile and a quarter, and although urged to her utmost could not beat 2:21½. Her companion was not half a second better. Toddy Ladle seems to take after her dam, which, well trained and well ridden, could not beat 29 seconds for a quarter of a mile.

Woodstock and Play Fun were even worse on this occasion and the best they could do was a mile and a quarter in 2:24½.

A very different story has to be told of the Seagram platers. They have all trained in magnificently. Dalmoor, it is true, was laid up with a cold for a few days, but that slight illness did not impair his chances for the plate. He worked the distance on the Little York track in 2:15½, a capital performance and one which stamps him as a good race horse. The Saragossa colt Sardonyx has been improving with time and has to his credit a trial in 2:18 done easily.

Curfew Bell, the slashing filly by Morphous, has also shown a great burst of speed and ran a mile pulled up on the Newmarket track in 1:47½. She will probably run into second place.

Tenalto, the fourth entry of the Seagram stable, is something of a conundrum. She has barrels of speed, and some horsemen go as far as to say that she is as fast

as Ferdinand was at his best, and he was the fastest province-bred ever foaled, not excepting Victorious. This filly is so quick in her movements that it was found necessary to gallop her away behind the rest in her work. If she had been exercised with the others she would have carried them off their feet. But Tenalto has weak ankles and may not last the journey. Were she absolutely sound, I would call her to beat even Dalmoor, if she were sent out to win.

The fields this year are larger than ever before. In the Minto Handicap there are twenty-five entries, and in the Toronto Cup there are twelve. The two-year-olds are also very numerous, and all the stakes for youngsters have filled away beyond expectations. The Hunters' Flat has fifteen entries, and the Waterloo Handicap twenty.

Steeplechasers are also much in evidence, and the races through the field will be more interesting than ever, which means that they will be the greatest ever run in America. The Woodbine Steeplechase has twenty-two entries and the Royal Canadian Steeplechase will bring together a similar number.

The old war horses Red Pat and Lion Heart will meet again. They are both popular with Woodbine patrons, and fought out many a killing duel in past years. Both have suffered from the wear and tear of the water-jump, double and Club House bank, but this year sees them in better trim to race than they have been in many a long day. Mr. Dunlap, a winner through the field last year, is being trained by Ben Pope, who formerly had charge of Red Pat, and is in fairly good condition.

Those who go to Woodbine to-day will see everything bright and clean. The stands have been renovated, the lawn trimmed, the steeplechase field put in order, and the fences painted. The Club House, now in charge of Mr. Arthur Bryan, has been renovated from top to bottom. In short, everything on and about the course is in first-class order.

With good purses, large fields and first-class horses, the meeting should be a success, and all things seem to point to the fact that it certainly will be.

JOHN F. RYAN.

Van Rippers Didn't Move.

A Cheerful Estimate from the Storage Man Settled It.

THE VAN RIPPERS had occupied their apartment for a year, and they—at least Mrs. Van Ripper—decided that it was time for a move of some sort. A strange unrest seemed to possess her with the coming of May and she began to read advertisements aloud to Van Ripper telling of the delights of country places or the superior accommodations offered by other flats so far uptown that they might almost be called suburban (says the *New York Sun*).

"We'll save money by leaving this place," said Mrs. Van. "It really is cheaper to move than to pay rent."

"Do you propose that we bounce the new landlord or jump our board bill at a summer hotel?" asked Van Ripper easily. He really didn't want to move himself, but he had learned to pretend to drop in with all Mrs. Van's ideas. Opposition spurred her on.

"Certainly not," she answered: "but a move is very often an economy. I think this apartment will be warm in the summer, and we might just as well get away somewhere and get a change of scene. Think of the long humid nights—"

"Yes, and think of the long humid trips on trains to reach a hotel, where a man gets in at night dusty and tired after a day in town—a sort of side show for the guests dressed up for dinner on the piazza!"

"I am not specially thinking of going out of town," said Mrs. Van, picking up a

paper, "but there are some attractive flats advertised here—overlooking the Hudson where it is quite cool, you know; almost like the country."

"I never saw much in looking over the Hudson, my dear, did you? It gets awfully monotonous unless you are moving along in a boat."

"Just listen to this," said Mrs. Van Ripper, reading: "Cool, airy apartment—eight rooms, all light—charming situation—beautiful outlook—hot and cold water—porcelain baths—electric lights—elevator—fifty dollars upward—rent free to desirable parties until July."

"But are we desirable parties?" asked Van Ripper. "Who can tell what that landlord may expect? Besides that, we have all those conveniences here."

"Rent free—we haven't that."

"But we are only paying \$15 here."

"Yes—but we must pay it. Can't you see, Adelbert, there would be all of June's rent saved."

"Doesn't moving cost something?" "Yes, but not a month's rent. Now, look here!" She got a pencil and a sheet of paper and commenced to figure. "To stay here will cost us for June—July—August—three months. Three times forty-five is—three times five—fifteen—three times four twelve—thirteen—\$135."

"Yes."

"To move—we get June free, you know—two months at fifty—a hundred—there is a clear saving of—"

"Thirty-five dollars, and it will cost more than that to move. And getting unsettled and settled again will cost nearly as much more."

"Oh, the other plan is the most economical, of course."

"Which?"

"To store our things and go away somewhere."

"How do you make that out?"

"It costs us a hundred and thirty dollars a month to live, doesn't it?"

"That's what you tell me, my dear."

"Well, it requires no figuring to see we can board in the country for much less than that."

"Do they store things for nothing?"

"A mere nothing. Listen to the circular: 'Give up your housekeeping cares and save money during the summer by storing with us in our new fireproof rooms—safety vaults for silver, jewelry or furs, paintings, etc. Secured against moths.'"

"Sounds like a pawn ticket," said Van. "We will cheerfully call and make an estimate," read on Mrs. Van. "We could get splendid board for \$20 a week."

"I know the kind," said Van Ripper softly.

"Just listen. Doesn't this sound nice? 'Refined couple can get delightful accommodations in cottage situated directly on the Sound. Broad piazzas—plenty of shade trees, pleasant walks and drives, good roads for bicycling.'"

"We're not a refined couple."

"Why, Adelbert?"

"I'm not—you told me so the other day when I put my cigar ashes in the rubber plant jardiniere. I am not quite sure that it was refined of you to say that. It is the truest refinement to ignore a fault in another."

"How can you talk that way? I think you're horrid. Just think of what we would save!"

"How in thunder can we tell what we'll save until we know what it costs to store things?"

"We will cheerfully call and give an estimate."

"Well, let 'em cheerfully call."

So Mrs. Van sent a postal, and next evening just as they had finished dinner a tall, thin man with a pad and a pencil was ushered in. He had an unpleasant way of looking at the furniture as if he didn't like it as he went around, and he called attention to scratches and defects in things they hadn't noticed before.

"Sometimes people say we did it, ye

see," he explained.

"And sometimes you do do it," suggested Van Ripper, who didn't like the man's manner. "Go on and give us a cheerful estimate; we'll have things fixed up next time you call."

He went through the flat peering into corners and opening closet doors as though he suspected the Van Rippers were concealing trunks or large pieces of furniture from him.

"Anything in the cellar?" he suddenly asked, transfixing them with a suspicious look.

They looked at each other guiltily. Their bicycles were in the cellar and four trunks and some old books.

"No," said Van Ripper. "Nothing."

"That is—," said his wife.

"It all counts, you know," said the man; "we estimate by the vanload, you know. And that means a vanload with closed doors. Some people expect us to tie an extra load on the back of the truck and call it one van."

"How much do you estimate this stuff will cost us to store?" asked Van Ripper; "that's what we really wrote you to call for, you know."

"I should say two and a quarter vans."

"What's the quarter van for; don't you throw a little space like that in?"

"A quarter van has to have a room just as though it were a whole one. It's \$5 a room, and—"

"Oh, I'd rather break something than pay for a whole room for a quarter van," said Van Ripper; "call it two vans—that's \$10 a month."

"Of course, that's not in the fireproof building," said the man, "that costs \$6 a room. Would you wish it in the fireproof building?"

"Of course we would, Adelbert," said Mrs. Van.

"Then there is the piano. That's extra—a dollar a month. We keep the pianos in a separate room."

"Is that all the expense?" asked Van Ripper.

"There is labor—a dollar a load extra."

"Do we have to pay that?"

"Of course! It's the work the men do taking the furniture out. They are extra careful. There is a dollar a load taking it out and a dollar a load putting it in when you take it back. Then there is packing—that's a dollar an hour—and unpacking when you get it back, same rate."

"Is that all?" asked Van Ripper.

"There's cartage—two vans at \$4 a load—\$8—and the piano—do you hoist that piano?"

"I don't know. Do we hoist it?" asked Van Ripper of his wife.

"I think they brought it in the window," said she.

"Ah!" said the man as though he had caught them in some evasion. "To hoist that will be extra—\$7—that's \$15 cartage—each way, you know."

"How much will it amount to?" asked Van Ripper.

"Can you tell how much packing you'll have—how many hours?"

"How can we tell how many hours your men will take?" asked Van Ripper in a dazed way; "we don't know 'em; don't know their ways; you ought to know more about 'em yourself."

"Well, I should say a good day's packing would fix things. You'd have to crate that china closet; that'd be extra. You'd have to crate that little tea-table."

"Who says so?" said Van Ripper. "We own these things, don't we?"

"I suppose so," said the man. "If you don't you have to notify the instalment people. But we're not responsible for breakable things that ain't crated."

"Have you comfortable—that is, good trucks?" asked Mrs. Van Ripper, breaking an unpleasant silence.

"Fine trucks, ma'am," said the man, "thoroughly fumigated every week!"

"Fumigated! What for?"

"To guard against contagious disease—insects and that sort of thing. Why, some

the things. Some people would work in a lot of extra things on us at the last minute."

"Just for spite?"

"No; to get a lower bill. So we wait until we have the things."

"I see—and people would have to pay to have 'em carted away again. That's a great system."

"I'll leave one of my cards," said the man.

"Please do," said Van Ripper.

"And I'll be glad to give my personal attention to the matter if you address me. This is my name in red ink on the corner of the card."

"Ah, yes," said Van Ripper, ushering the man out.

"That was a cheerful estimate, wasn't it?" he asked his wife when he returned.

"How much do we save on that? When do you want 'em to come and get the things and fumigate 'em?"

"I had to give up adding, he mixed me so," said Mrs. Van, "and really what he said about the vans scared me. Unless you are quite set on going away I think we'd better—"

"What? Overlook the Hudson?"

"No, stay right here!"

The Uncrowned King of the Cape.



CECIL RHODES is one of the two or three conspicuous figures in the British Empire and perhaps, seen from afar, he looks larger than any other man. He is forty-six years of age. He is a man of large ideas, and, what is more, has the genius for getting every penny he needs. As he himself said, in one of his public speeches, "If you have an idea, make it the paramount object in life. Probably it will succeed, and with its success many things deemed valuable may come." It is men with such beliefs who form the backbone of nations and extend empires.

Like many men with half his genius, Mr. Rhodes is not without his little peculiarities. For instance, he is by no means a "ladies' man." He thinks that matrimony interferes with business, and will not, it is said, tolerate a married man in his employ.

Some time ago one of his secretaries entered the matrimonial state, and Mr. Rhodes at once gave him marching orders. As a solace, though, for this extreme step he sent his departing secretary a cheque for \$25,000.

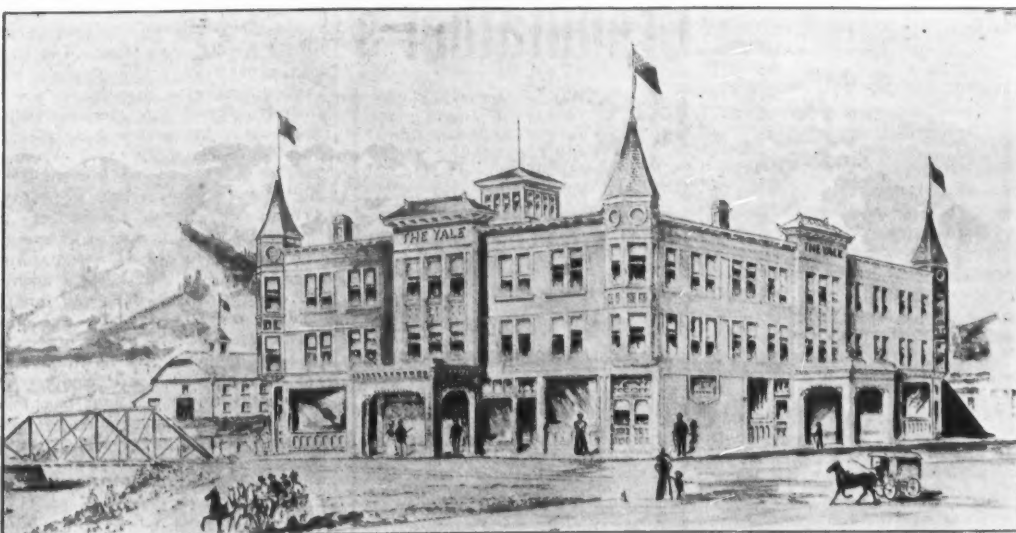
Another of his whims is to bury himself away in a small hut, or summer-house, which he possesses in a secluded corner of his garden, leaving the splendours of his mansion to his guests. This hermit kind of existence he often continues for days on end, more especially when he has some great scheme on hand which requires concentrated thought. At such times he even sleeps and eats in his hut.

Mr. Rhodes is, notwithstanding his stern exterior, a man of heart. He also possesses, like so many other born leaders of men, the great gift of being able to sum up a man in a couple of minutes. A glance at an individual enables him to decide the kind of person he has to deal with. This is illustrated in the case of a friend who wrote asking him to do something for a youngster who was anxious to seek his fortune at the Cape. This did Rhodes reply: "Send me his photograph, and I'll let you know by return whether I can do anything for him or not."

The Uncrowned King of the Cape is now and again absent-minded. A curious instance of his forgetfulness was seen some time back at an entertainment at Capetown. As he entered the hall he took off his overcoat, and in doing so removed his dress-coat as well—but he was quite oblivious of the fact. The mirth of the people near him and the cheers of the gallery had no effect on him. It was not until a friend pointed out what had happened that he discovered that he was in his shirt-sleeves.

No Discrimination.

The Duke of Wellington once requested the connoisseur whom the author of *Tancred* terms "the finest judge in Europe" to provide him a *chef*. Felix, whom the late Lord Seaforth was reluctantly about to part with on economical grounds, was recommended and received. Some months afterwards his patron was dining with Lord Seaforth, and before the first course was half over he observed: "So I find you have got the Duke's cook to dress your dinner." "I have got Felix," replied Lord S., "but he is no longer the Duke's cook. The poor fellow came to me with tears in his eyes, and begged me to take him back again, at reduced wages, or no wages at all, for he was determined not to remain at Apsley House." "Has the Duke been finding fault?" said L. "Oh, no, my Lord; I would stay if he had; he is the kindest and most liberal of masters; but I served him a dinner that would make Udo or Francatelli burst with envy, and he says nothing; I go out and leave him to dine on a dinner badly dressed by the cookmaid, and he says nothing. Dat hurt my feelings, my Lord."



THE YALE HOTEL, GRAND FORKS, B. C.

This hotel is an exhibition of the enterprise of the owners of the town site of Grand Forks. It cost \$45,000 to build, and \$20,000 has been spent in Toronto for its furnishings. The population of Grand Forks is now not more than 1,300, but it is expected that inside of five years it will be the center of 50,000 people. The hotel is the best in British Columbia, excepting, of course, the Driad in Victoria and the C. P. R. Hotel in Vancouver.

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TWIN SCREW PASSENGER SERVICE
Friedrich der Grosse, Thursday, June 8, 10 a.m.
Bremen, Thursday, June 15, 10 a.m.
Pr. Reg. Luipold, Thursday, June 15, 10 a.m.
GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, GENOA.
Alier, Saturday, May 27, 11 a.m.
Kaiser Wm. II., Saturday, June 10, 11 a.m.
Ems, Saturday, June 10, 11 a.m.
Saale, Saturday, June 24, 11 a.m.

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COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 15th

STEAMER CHICORA

Will leave Yonge Street Wharf (east side) at 7 a.m. daily (except Sunday) for Niagara, Queenston and Lewiston, connecting with New York Central & Hudson River Railway, Michigan Central Railway and Niagara Falls Park & River Railway, arriving back in Toronto about 1.15 p.m.

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Two hours quicker time will be made from New York to Hamilton and Toronto on spring schedule of the New York Central in effect May 15th. In connection with the Canadian Pacific and Toronto, Hamilton and Buffalo Railways.

On that date the New York Central will add to its present service the New "Pan-American Express," to which will be attached the through Buffet, Wagner Drawing-room Car, New York to Toronto, which is now attached to the 6.00 p.m. train. This train will leave Grand Central Station, New York, at 8 p.m., reaching Hamilton and Toronto at the same hour as at present, thus saving two hours in the running time, and giving an opportunity for passengers to get their dinner before leaving the Metropolis.

The east-bound service will also be improved, the train now leaving Toronto at 5.20 p.m. and Hamilton at 6.25 p.m. will on the new schedule leave at the same hour, but reach New York at 8 a.m., fifteen minutes earlier than at present.

This will be the best service ever offered from Canadian points, the rates being the same as by any other line. Passengers are landed at Grand Central Station, 4th Avenue and 42nd Street, in the very heart of the city, adjacent to all principal hotels, theaters and business houses.

Tickets and full information in regard to the service can be obtained by applying to the ticket agents of the C.P.R. or T.H. & B.R.R.

Anecdotal.

A gentleman lately dismissed a clever but dishonest gardener. For the sake of his wife and family he gave him a character, and this is how he worded it: "I hereby certify that A. B. has been my gardener for over two years, and that during that time he got more out of my garden than any man I ever employed."

In Ireland recently a quarrel had

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taken place at a fair, and a culprit was being sentenced for manslaughter. The doctor, however, had given evidence to show that the victim's skull was abnormally thin. The prisoner, on being asked if he had anything to say for himself, replied: "No, yer honor; but I would ask was that a skull for a man to go to a fair wid?"

Dr. Phillips, Bishop of Exeter, called to account several sporting clergymen in his diocese in the early part of the century. He met one of them at a friend's house. "I am told, my lord, that you object to my hunting," said the clergyman. "Dear me, who could have told you so?" answered the bishop: "what I object to is that you should ever do anything else."

The most-talked-of verses Oliver Herford ever wrote were submitted to the editor of Life, and they were returned, not once but twice. They started on their third journey to Life, accompanied by a note to the editor. "My dear Mr. Mitchell," it began, "during your recent absence from your office, your office-boy has been returning masterpieces, one of which I inclose. Please remit at your earliest convenience." And the editor did remit.

A Paris correspondent sends this characteristic mot of a little six-year-old girl in the French capital to the Pittsburg Bulletin: "It appears that the child overheard all the tattle about President Faure's death and poor Mme. Faure's grief, and then the next day she heard that there was a new President. She went up to her mother and said: 'This M. Loubet—so soon—what luck! It is only two days since M. Faure died, and now she has another one!'"

A woman evangelist is converting many sinners in Paris. In one of her addresses the other day she said: "There is a man in this house who is untrue to his wife! I am going to throw this hymn-book at him." She raised the book as if she was going to throw it, and every man but one in the house ducked his head to avoid the book. Then she blustered the doggers and lauded the one true man. It was afterwards learned that he was deaf and dumb.

Mr. Zangwill tells a good story of a lady in America who rushed up to him after one of his lectures, saying: "Oh, Mr. Zangwill, do shake hands; I really cannot go until I have shaken hands." "Madam," he replied, grasping her hand, "do not let me prevent you from going." This reminds us of the retort courteous to the lady who, addressing a distinguished person at a railway station: "Oh, Mr. W., are you there?" "Yes, Madam, I am," he said, "where are you?"

Norman E. Mack runs the Buffalo (N.Y.) Times. In the Presidential campaign of 1884, the editorial page of the paper came out one afternoon filled with reasons why Blaine should be elected President. The first page, however, asserted that there never was such a great man as Cleveland. One of the sub-editors of the paper was accordingly held up on the street by friends. "Will you please tell us whom Mr. Mack is supporting?" they inquired. "I'll have you understand, sir," was the reply, "that Mr. Mack is supporting himself."

A distinguished Massachusetts clergyman tells a story at his own expense. He was on a tramp through the White Mountains, with another clergyman for a companion. One day they mounted the driver's seat of a stage coach. As is often the case, the stage driver was an interesting character, whose conversation abounded in good stories. The three speedily became friendly, and it was with reluctance that they parted at the end of the journey. "I'm glad to hev met yer fellers," said the driver on leaving them. "Yer see, I haven't seen a man this summer—only ministers."

At a station on the main line of the East India Railway a train from Delhi had stopped, and one of the travelers—an officer of the Royal Engineers—began to quiz from the carriage window a "tester" who was going his rounds, striking the wheels with his hammer. "Why do you beat the wheels like that?" was the first question. "Sirkarka hookum!" ("It is the order of authority"), replied the imperturbable native. "But what is the use of striking the wheels?" "Khod-arjani. Hum l-sa thees burssi kurtani. Sirkarka hookum." ("God knows. I have been doing this for thirty years. It is the order of authority.")

A Boston lady of great respectability was recently traveling in North Dakota, a rigid prohibition State, and in the dining-cars this notice was posted: "No intoxicating liquors will be served while the train is passing through the State of North Dakota." The train had been rolling along through that interminable State a long time, when the Boston lady came into the dining-car for her dinner. Casting her eye out of the car window upon a somewhat changed landscape, she said to the waiter, with purely geographical interest, "Are we still in North Dakota?" "No, ma'am," said he, alertly, and with a hospitable grin: "what'll you take to drink, ma'am?"

Jones—Maria, I'm sure there's something crawling up my back. Mrs. Jones—Oh, I guess it's just your fancy. Jones—No, it's too lively.—Life.

Ottawa Notes.

Tone and Semitone—A Barnyard Parallel.

OTTAWA had her spring suit on when I got there on a second little visit last week. Furs and snow and howling winds were packed away in the old year's "not

wanted" baggage; instead was tender green of soft, distant groves, and violet hills meeting azure heavens, and dust and watering-carts fighting for possession of the roadways. Bicycle runs, too, you may take of the most delightful, along the Rideau canal to the "Hog's back," a bristling rock over which the river dashes in a very respectable fall of brownish-gold waters, and about which are terraced rocks, still pools, shady nooks, and all the accessories to a good picnic ground. There the outspanned nags of a Government House wagonette, a couple of baking and patient flunkies, a red parasol shading the first lady in the land, and a white table-cloth in process of being spread on the turf, betray a picnic tea of very high flavor indeed. Or you may career about the beautiful park, or ride down the streets to Hull bridge, and watch the rapids, very proud and plentiful with last month's great snows, dashing under the bridge as you dash over; or if you want larger fish to fry, you can ride the dozen or so miles to Aylmer, where already summer residents are settling at the pretty Victoria; these and other jolly things may you do, these golden May-days, if you are a cyclist and have not the fear of sunburn before your face.

But to be streaked brown and red for the State ball is not to be endured. Therefore one buys Edelweiss cream, and employs a leisure hour dabbling it furtively on nose and cheeks, while one listens to a many-mouthed argument as to how long a man may talk in the session, and the pot of six hours' garrulity reviles the kettle of seven hours' loquacity, and the hours are unprofitable except for the drawing of salaries. I hope some day fate may guide me into a House when the question debated is more important than the shape of a churn or the length of a man's tongue. Meanwhile the members disputed as to the time-limit. Charlton was stubborn and Hughes made sassy interruptions, and bearded parades of various degrees of Scotchness turned the topic slowly about, and it was said that to be mentioned in the papers was the one thing spoken for, and a white-haired and handsome old chap pathetically confessed his grievance to be that whenever he spoke the reporters said "Mr. Blank also made a few remarks," and rhytmically as he talked, which is a habit he has, defended his longwindedness of awhile ago, and the Premier, graceful, courteous, and authoritative, the fingers of steel under the velvet glove, the voice of melody and the tongue of fire, gave the little storm in the teapot its quietus, by reminding the children of the Cabinet and the other quarrelsome boys that the length of the speech must be limited by the importance of the subject and the ability of the speaker, which sounds workable, but isn't, as events sometimes confess.

The other morning, as I rushed round a corner from a bath, I collided squarely with something rushing contrariwise: a something in a blue jacket, a black skull cap, a pair of breeches seemingly clipped in for bicycling, and cork-soled slippers, who might have been a laundryman by the look of him, or a pig from the grunt he gave, but was, as a matter of fact, the valet of His Excellency the Chinese refugee, who has been complaining enough to take up his quarters next door to me. His Excellency has fled from the Dowager Empress; he wears that the cause of his flight is neither that he kissed her behind a screen, nor tried to prevent Li Hung Chang from doing so, both of which reports have circulated with a rapidity purely Ottawaian. He just had a quiet tip that his head, apart from his body, would find favor in the eyes of this giddy imperial girl, and wishing to keep himself together, so to speak, he packed up his peacock feather, his blue nightgown, and his little dream shoes of white cotton, and left. His

Grandfather's Idea

was to save the shoe—the idea of the present generation is to save the shine. Since grandfather's time there has been no preparation that would do both until

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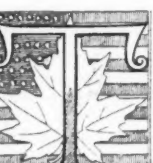
was launched on the market with its Polishing and Feeding qualities. It has in its composition that which the leather needs and imparts the lustre of the maker. All colors—Brown, Tan, Russet. Prominently conspicuous at conspicuously prominent shoe stores.

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installation in our corridor, with a chum, an interpreter, and a squad of bicycle riders in cork shoes, filled Marie, the femme de chambre, with panic unspeakable. Marie and I have a good many interviews in French when she attends to faire ma chambre and hook me into my evening gowns. She confessed her misgivings about her contract to faire la chambre of monsieur the refugee and his two companions. There is a price of twenty thousand pounds upon his head (it would take about half a page to tell you the amount in Chinese small change), and Marie evidently considers him a dangerous party. So she crosses herself and says her prayers before she raps on his door, but even then he never answers her, so with closed eyes and many supplications to her favorite guardian angel, she pushes the door open, gives him a minute to prepare, and then walks in. Little episodes such as his mistaking the number of his room, have led to a superficial familiarity between His Excellency the refugee and myself. At the State ball I complimented him (through his interpreter) upon being so quiet a neighbor, and promised to be noisy and obstreperous in the small hours that night myself, after the high jinks at Rideau. He did not see the joke, but desired the middleman to tell me he would make every allowance on that occasion. Politeness such as this is what knocks the fun out of existence.

I have concluded that much of the Chinese language can be acquired during the process of chasing a hen out of the garden. Did you ever remark what language she speaks as you fire sticks and stones at her, and corner her up? It's refugee Chinese. I who have lived several days next door to these Chinese talkers, have recognized the fact. Sometimes that hen will try to get under or through too small a space, then she is discussing Chinese rigor with bitter resentment. At last she flies gamely over the gate-post, sooner than go through the open gateway; the squawk she gives is a Chinese refugee's opinion of his Dowager Empress. They have voiced it several times next door. A hen house and a Chinese school would, I fancy, sound just alike. My neighbors cluck at each other, and I am hourly expecting to hear them crow. At the ball they had a hot time. People formed themselves into a solid phalanx about them, they bowed and gasped and mopped themselves, and beamed slantwise through their glasses, and shed rain of perspiration, and finally got themselves home to bed, where no doubt they exchanged many a rare and racy comment on the garb of the she foreign-devils whose charms they had so freely been allowed to study. I'd give my best partner to know just exactly what notions are embodied in the cacklings and the cluckings which at this very moment are making the corridor sound like a henner, and one's thoughts turn to omelettes and egg-nogg.

Books and Shop Talk.



HE name of Dr. A. Conan Doyle has hitherto been associated with novels having to do with the detection of crime, or with romances of an historical nature.

In both departments he has scored a distinct success. Such stories as A Study in Scarlet, The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes, and the White Company, evince considerable powers of plot-making, and of writing about stirring incidents. Perhaps it was in the unravelling of detective difficulties that Dr. Doyle made his chief hold on the estimation of the general public, though by many his Micah Clarke is thought to be his masterpiece. In his last book, A Duet with an Occasional Chorus, he has ventured on a novel of an altogether different character, and has essayed the difficult task of writing about very ordinary life in an artistic way. In this book there is no stirring incident; there is scarcely any plot; there is no gradual unravelling of secrets to come to a dramatic climax in the last chapter. Yet the book bears witness to the writer's literary power, inasmuch as the utter naturalness of it at once arrests the reader. The young couple who are the performers in this matrimonial duet are our friends from the very start. The love letters that go to and fro between Maude and Frank in the overture, are deliciously naive and attractive to people who are not entirely blasé. The chapter entitled Britain's Valhalla, has been called in question as being too much of the nature of a guide-book, but surely no guide-book was ever half so poetically written. When the author gets into the early matrimonial experiences of the pair, he draws with a discerning pen, and shows that he is a keen observer of the little joys and jars, the friction and the give-and-take of domestic life. But he never forgets that he has set out to give us the accurate portraits of an ordinary young couple, and the fact that his book is enjoying a wide popularity among feminine readers, is a sufficient proof that he has succeeded.

Bret Harte is so frequently complimented as the author of Little Breaches, that he is almost as sorry it was ever written as is Colonel John Hay, who would prefer his fame to rest on more ambitious work. A gushing lady, who prided herself upon her literary

tastes, said to him once: "My dear Mr. Harte, I am so delighted to meet you. I have read everything you ever wrote, but of all your dialect verse there is none that compares to your Little Breaches." "I quite agree with you, madam," said Mr. Harte, "but you have put the little breaches on the wrong man."

William Briggs, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto, has secured exclusive control in the Dominion of the books on personal and social purity, widely known as the Self and Sex Series. In this series the books to boys and men are written by Sylvanus Stall, D.D., and those to girls and women by Mrs. Mary Wood-Allen, M.D. These dollar books have been pronounced pre-eminently the best books ever written on the subject, and they are already being translated into other languages to meet the demand which has been created elsewhere.

Robert Barr has almost finished a new novel of about 50,000 words, which will be published almost at once.

Stephen Crane's new novel will be entitled Active Service, and the hero and heroine have exciting experiences in the Græco-Turkish war.

At the Court of Catherine the Great, the very interesting historical novel by Fred Whisnaw, that was published about two months ago, is to be dramatized. It is full of action, and if well handled ought to make a successful play. The Sturgis Wager, a detective story by Edgar Morette, is also being considered by a New York manager with a view to dramatization.

The patriotic poem, At Eventide, by Agnes Grote Copeland (Mrs. J. J. Copeland), of Toronto, which was published in Saturday Night last year, was engrossed on vellum and sent to Her Majesty Queen Victoria. The authoress has received an acknowledgment, Her Majesty having graciously commanded that her thanks might be conveyed to Mrs. Copeland "for the sentiments of loyalty and affection so beautifully expressed."

LADY GAY.



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I have been very much pleased this week to see that a new edition of Isabella Valancy Crawford's poems has been published, entitled Old Spooksee's Pass, Malcolm's Katie and Other Poems. This work is published by the Bain Book Company, and its reappearance will be greeted with interest by a great many who recall that Miss Crawford died at the threshold of a promising career in literature.

The six books which in Toronto sold best in the order of demand the past week, according to the Bain Book & Stationery Co., are:

1. David Harum. By Westcott.
2. Prisoners and Captives. By H. S. Merriman.
3. The Eye of a God. By W. A. Fraser.
4. Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. By Dunne.
5. A Duet and An Occasional Chorus. By Conan Doyle.
6. The Garden of Swords. By Max Pemberton.

Miss Joanna E. Wood, whose latest story, A Daughter of Witches, is now running serially in the Canadian Magazine, has returned to her home at Queenston, after spending the winter in New York.

Mr. John A. Ewan, of the Globe, returned from Ottawa a few days ago quite ill, and has been removed from his home to St. Michael's Hospital. He is doing well, and it is expected that he will be around again in a few days.

McFingle—Poor Broome! He's gone over to the silent majority. McFingle—Why—I—when did he—is he dead? McFingle—Well, no; but he's married.—Tit-Bits.

The austere judge looked down upon the young woman who was accused of complicity in holding up the overland mail train. "Um. So you robbed the mails, did you?" he remarked; "well, you're not the first woman who has done that."—Colorado Springs Gazette.

A drivelling idiot went out from his lair the other day and finally reached

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Adams' Tutti Frutti

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Vigor

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—DRINKS IT ALL
—NO DREGS
—NOT CARBONATED

The success attained in the short time this Ale has been before the public is unprecedented. A single trial will convince.
To be had at all hotels and dealers.
The O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. of Toronto Limited

The Electric Review office, where he discovered a victim. "Why," said the idiot, "is a man who has seen Niagara Falls like a ham sandwich?" "Glivitup," said the victim, suspiciously. "It's easy," said the idiot. "Glivitup," repeated the victim, firmly. "Why," replied the idiot, "one has seen the mist and the other has missed the scene. Ha, ha! Catch it?" "Of course I do, you fool," answered the victim; "but what's the sandwich to do with it?" "That's where you bite," said the idiot, as he made a dive for the door.—Ex.

Enameline is the Modern Stove Polish, because it has all the latest improvements. A brilliant polish is produced without labor, dust or odor. There are three styles of package—paste, cake or liquid. Get the genuine.
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Studio and Gallery



HE mural decoration presented on Wednesday is now an accomplished fact, and was well received, as well it might be. Some old masters of more ancient date found it best to pursue just the same course adopted by Mr. Reid, viz.: give entirely, or partially, the work of their souls, for public education in art, in mural decoration—witness Tintoretto and others. The immediate advantage to the artist was questionable, but like all great minds, they were able to see prophetically and know that the future would redeem the debt. So it has. So it will in Mr. Reid's case. But we who have been left not only the legacies of the actual gifts, but the knowledge of their value, and the experience these masters almost died to give us, are not privileged to act with the stupidity of the past generations. It is ours to appreciate intelligently, to arrange for the perpetuation of the genius which produces such work and give a due measure of encouragement to a professional class all too little appreciated among us, lest future peoples will say of us as of those in the past who failed to see their opportunities: "See the blindness, or worse, of these early Canadians; see their want of forethought, and interest in their posterity; see their slovenly, incomplete architectural efforts. They were given by a patriot a mural decoration for their greatest building, yet neither did they sufficiently appreciate his genius to retain him in their country, nor did they make any further effort to complete their building; nor did they ever give, as a people, in municipal matters, any encouragement to the several good artists in their midst at that period." Without further decoration, this hall on that flat will look like a Dundreary dude shaven on one side.

An exhibition, on a small scale, which has afforded a great deal of pleasure to all who viewed it, was the collection of water color paintings, by Henry Martin, O.S.A. Of recent years Mr. Martin has given himself more exclusively to architectural subjects, these appealing strongly to him, not altogether on their intrinsic merits as subjects alone, but as expressive of, and being so closely associated with, the life of the people. So around these buildings are clustered what is expressive of the life of the different nationalities among which they stand. Venice, particularly perhaps, has most charm to him. Its literature and its people are of abounding interest, and its surroundings because of these. The charms of Mr. Martin's rendering of these subjects consist in the multiplicity of the subdued greys and browns, each with a predominating tone of its own; and the extreme brilliancy which, notwithstanding these quiet and tender mediums, he is enabled to obtain. No. 21 shows especial completeness of detail and fineness of Venetian life, possible only to a close student of Venetian life. A delightful little scene shows the boat of the fruit sellers in its picturesque surroundings, where the blue Moselle joins the yellow Rhine. The "Bridge of Sighs" and the house of Browning are interesting bits. "Market Place at Como" also abounds in interest. Broad, clean washes are distributed throughout. We have seen so much landscape of late that there is a distinct sense of pleasurable change in viewing these pieces. They can still be seen at Matthews' Art Gallery.

Portraiture has many things to contend with in its appreciation, more especially if it be not of our age, and the London Truth puts one of its difficulties very nicely: "Cannot you still remember," it says, "the actual shock with which you and I together beheld our first portrait of Mary Queen of Scots? I can recall it as if it were yesterday. What a hot afternoon it was, and how the unfortunate royal lady's learning, beauty, and gracious character was dimmed into our unwilling ears! and how we brightened up when we heard we were to see a portrait of the original! It was a sad disappointment, was it not? Yes, there is a fashion in beauty as in everything else. If the Venus of Milo were to come to life and to take her place amongst us, plus her arms, it would be said: 'Ah, yes, really very nice; but what a pity she tends to embonpoint.'"



F. MCGILLIVRAY KNOWLES, R.C.A.
Will conduct out door sketching classes in oil and water-colors, commencing in May...
For terms apply at studio,
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J. W. L. FORSTER
... PORTRAIT PAINTING
Studio: 56 King Street West

MISS EDITH HEMMING
PORTRAITS, MINIATURES
Classical Miniature Painting,
Studio: 568 Church Street, Toronto

Miss H. G. Mackintosh, who visited the city for a few days recently and who left behind some beautiful work and some progressive ideas, both tending to increase our appreciation of ceramic art, has gone to her home at St. Marys.

Mrs. M. E. Dignam, who may justly claim a season of rest after the arduous portrait campaign, was presented by some of the members of the Woman's Art Association with a handsome china cabinet. One of her paintings was also purchased for the studio of the W. A. A. Mrs. Dignam's sketching class continues during the month of May. She intends visiting the Old Land later on. If only those can rest who work, then she can rest profoundly.

J. W. L. Forster intends continuing his work in his studio the greater part of the summer. He will also personally conduct a sketching class.

Montreal is always appreciative in art matters, and generally speaking our artists find congeniality there. It is especially gratifying when this hospitality extends not only to the individuals but to their works, and Montreal people entertain permanently these angels—in the shape of works—not unawares. Mrs. Reid left at Montreal four of her paintings, exhibited at the R. C. A., three flower subjects and one interior. F. McGillivray Knowles left two, his Perce Milkmaid and A Grey Day on the Coast. F. M. Bell-Smith disposed of two water colors—we were told his water colors this year were of a high degree of merit. R. F. Gagen, to whom the last remark is also applicable, left his At Rocky Neck, Gloucester, and M. Cullen two of his night scenes, also very highly spoken of.

School art is advancing with rapid strides, and soon the community will be well overtaken with organizations for fostering art in the public schools. None too soon has the effort been made, and though the development of it will necessarily be slow, its starting point is sure. Rosedale school is aiming at a scheme of color for its interior decoration, subject of course to the approval of the School Board. Its winter course of lectures were specially successful. The League is also making arrangements for its annual meeting in May. Phoebe street school proposes to accomplish some telling feat in one of its rinks, in order to raise the necessary funds, without which even art is at a standstill. Wellesley school will distinguish itself on Empire evening by a concert in the Pavilion, at which an oil portrait of the head master, Mr. MacMillan, shall be unveiled. The portrait is by W. A. Sherwood, O.S.A., who also painted the portrait of Mr. Kirkland, unveiled recently at the meeting of the Educational Society of the Province. Huron street school has also an organization, as has the Victoria school, and there's more to follow.

Stuart, the Irish painter, loved reminiscences. He was fond of paraphrasing them, too. However, this story of his is not padded. He was particularly fond of telling of an invitation to visit a gentleman who desired to have some portraits painted. He found an old castle with a new tenant, a tailor who had acquired a large fortune by army contracts. The portraits that he desired Stuart to paint were of his ancestors; and as he knew not who they were, or what they were like, his commission to Stuart was to paint them as they ought to have been. This Stuart did so satisfactorily to his patron that the painter was paid double the agreed price; and those portraits, with their century of age, to-day doubtless do duty for authentic likenesses of some ancient Celtic worthies. Let the Historical Society be warned hereby, and be sure that when it delves into the depths of the past for the material for its exhibition in the coming June, all its resurrected worthies would be able to recognize themselves should they appear.

Illustrated Bibles have not been the rule of late. The practice seems to be reviving. We had the pleasure of looking at an illustrated scroll of 152 colored pictures, all of Scriptural subjects, the other evening, at the home of Miss Sims. Many of the pictures are after good artists, Muncaksy, Hoffman, Raphael, etc. They are on a revolving tube. Accompanying them is a full description with a long list of questions and answers. Several prominent workers among the young. S. H. Blake, J. L. Hughes, etc., have purchased. The scroll is on view at 77 Victoria street. One has been purchased for the little darkies in Central Africa, and it will be of use for the big ones, too.

—JEAN GRANT.

His Mind Was Easy.

Mrs. Smith repeatedly reminded her husband that she owned the silver, that she owned the furniture, and so on, until poor Smith almost wished he'd married a poor girl. The other night Mrs. Smith awoke to hear strange noises in the lower part of the house, and, vigorously punching her husband in the ribs, called:

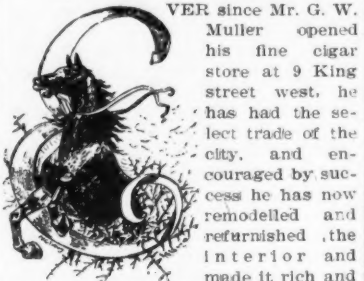
"John, get up! There are burglars in the house."
"Eh?" inquired Mr. Smith, sleepily.
"Burglars! Downstairs!" howled Mrs. Smith.
"Burglars?" said Smith, as he turned over. "Well, I don't own anything."

The End of the Interview.
Harper's Weekly.

"Without another word, she closed the door upon him."

Something Quite New.

Mr. G. W. Muller has given his Cigar Store an Old Dutch Interior.



VER since Mr. G. W. Muller opened his fine cigar store at 9 King street west, he has had the select trade of the city, and encouraged by success he has now remodelled and refurnished the interior and made it rich and unique. Last Saturday was, in a sense, opening day, and hundreds of business and professional men who dropped in expressed admiration for the improvements made. It is certainly the most cosy and artistic spot to which smokers have access in Toronto. The store proper is decidedly modern in all its appointments, while behind this is the large sitting-room to which we have special reference, and this is an Old Dutch interior. To paint just such interiors as this our Canadian artists visit Holland every year or two. The eye is first caught by the large brick fireplace with a noble fire roaring in it, and on each side great high-backed settees built in to the wall, where smokers can sit and watch the flames contend with the crackling bowlders of coal. Above the fireplace on a half floor, with a stairway leading to it, is Mr. Muller's private office. The whole place is finished in Flemish oak, with huge square rafters or beams overhead, high wainscoting, and upholstered settees built into it at intervals. The chairs and tables are old-fashioned, massive in appearance and singularly comfortable to sit in. To carry out the effect the wall above the wainscoting is plastered, but on each side the plaster is decorated with a couple of small sketchy brush drawings that greatly please the eye. It being necessary to use electric light, Mr. Muller has had the lights made in the form of candles in sticks and with paper shades, while on each side, on the wall, electric light beams out of imitation Old Dutch lanterns of the long ago. Against the wall is a drinking cup and tap. Walking from the front store into this retreat is like stepping from one country into another, or from this century back into the last one. There is also a wash-room, and when you step into it you feel that you are in the twentieth century, so more than modern is it, in white marble and glittering metal.

Monday was a chilly day, and a great fire burning in the fireplace threw this Old Dutch interior into fine relief and made the place, as one gentleman put it, "as cosy as it used

to be at grandfather's." With its new appointments, Mr. Muller's store will more than ever be the favorite place of call for business and professional men who know that cigars, like men and horses, are of various kinds. Mr. Muller's place was snug before, and tasty and popular, and his cigars, the best to be had in the world, but what the place was before was only a promise of what it is now, and it is well worth seeing.

CONDUCTOR H. HOGG

And His Deadly Struggle with a Vicious Enemy.

Diabetes was Getting the Victory over Him When He Began to Use Dodd's Kidney Pills—Then the Tide Turned and He Was Saved.

Toronto, May 15.—Still another member of the staff of the Toronto Street Railway comes forward to testify to the unequalled efficacy of Dodd's Kidney Pills, in cases of Diabetes. This time it is Mr. H. Hogg, Conductor No. 207, residing at No. 81 Fuller street, who tells his story.

Here is what he says: "Diabetes kept me in continual misery, and nightly agony for three years. My blood got so impure that I thought I could never get it restored to its natural purity. I was tortured by dizziness, which grew to such an extent that I had to quit work. I lost flesh and strength rapidly, and, in short, I thought it was 'all up with me.'"

"I used different remedies, but got no good from any of them, until a friend recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"I had no idea they would help me, as I had been disappointed so often, but I decided to try them. The first box gave me wonderful relief. The dizziness vanished, and my head became as steady as ever it was. Three boxes completed my cure, and to-day I am sound and well, thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

The best way to ascertain the real merit of Dodd's Kidney Pills is to test them. There can be no deceit then. They either will cure, or they will not. A trial costs very little, and it will settle all doubts for all time.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists, at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, or sent, on receipt of price, by The Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

They were admiring the dying glories of the day. "What a splendid sunset!" exclaimed the mother. "Such a beautiful color!" "Yes, mamma," replied the child, who had enjoyed the advantages of scientific temperance instruction, "it's just the color of a drunkard's stomach."—Exchange.

Your Husband

Unless cared for by a loving wife the busy business or professional man is likely to ruin his health by overwork or worry. Brain fog, nervous dyspepsia, nervousness and sleeplessness are the beginnings of a long train of troubles which lead to nervous prostration, paralysis, locomotor ataxia or insanity.

What can be more noble, what more praiseworthy than the thoughtfulness of the wife who looks eagerly to the health of her husband, and when vitality runs low gets for him Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the greatest restorative known to science.

By supplying, in pill form, the elements which create new red corpuscles in the blood and new nerve tissue, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food builds up the system and restores the vigor and vitality of robust health to pale, weak men, women and children.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

50c. a box, at all dealers, or EDMANSON, HATES & CO., Toronto. Also Dr. Chase's Ointment, Kidney Liver Pills and Catarrh Cure.

LABATT'S INDIA PALE ALE
NEW BREWINGS

At this time of the year everyone needs something to create and maintain strength for the daily round of duties. Try these Pure Malt Beverages made from specially selected new grain and hops—the best obtainable for years—uniting the strength of the best Malt Extracts with the palatableness of a fine Ale.

ASK YOUR MERCHANT FOR THE NEW BREWINGS

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See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

DON'T SHOVEL YOUR DOLLARS into your stores without getting good results. Can't get good results from poor COAL.

That's sure. If you come to us you will get the very best coal in the market. It's perfectly screened. It's free from all coal impurities, burns up to fine ashes. Prices fluctuate. So you had better buy now while they're low. We deliver anywhere in the city promptly. Shall we book your order?

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WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE...ALES

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LANOLINE Toilet Preparations
For the Health and Beauty of the SKIN.
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WILD CHERRY SAUCE

THE MOST DELICIOUS RELISH WITH
Cold Meals, Fish, Chops, Steak, Game, Etc.

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The Irish Jarveys.

EUMAS MACMANUS, author of Through the Turf Smoke, writes in the Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia about the Irish Jarveys, and says that they are the wittiest people in Ireland.

"What do those figures represent, my man?" a Scotch tourist asked of Andy Cavanagh, as the latter was driving him, in a thunder-shower, across Dublin.

Andy looked at the figures in question, namely, a group surrounding a public monument, but he knew not what they were, for Andy was but lately come to Dublin. "Them," said Andy, "represents the Twelve Apostles."

"But there's nae mair than ten there!" for, with the Scotchman's craving for exactness, he had counted them.

Andy Cavanagh was naturally irritated that his (a gentleman's) word should have been doubted. "Then," said he curtly, "I guess the other pair has gone in out of the shower."

It was a Dublin jarvey, too, who undertook to define the term lady for the edification of his brethren. "I'll tell ye what is a lady, an' what is not a lady. Wensday last I dhruv to the Park an' back again to the Gresham wan of the most grandly dressed, finest an' politest women ever sat in me cab. She axed me the fare, an' then beggin' me pardon, axed me table of fares to verify it. An' curtsied to me an' thanked me in the politest manner I ever experienced, an' accepted back the thruppence of change that was comin' to her. Now, she was no lady."

"The same evenin' I dhruv Mrs. Linnane—ye knew the great dash she is, the greatest hunter and steeplechaser in all Waterford, though money they say isn't just now as plentiful with her as it should be—I dhruv Mrs. Linnane only the len'th of O'Connell Street, an' when she tossed me a five-shillin' piece, an' I said: 'Houl on, Mrs. Linnane, for yer change,' she says, back over her shoulder: 'To the

devil with you an' the change, ye beggar.' Now, Mrs. Linnane was a lady."

Poor Charlie Kaldy was probably the wittiest of Donegal jarveys. The Bishop, stepping off the train one day, was in the act of engaging Charlie to drive him to the rectory, when Father Ned's car just drove up to receive the Bishop. The Bishop tendered apologies to Charlie.

"Och, no apologies, me Lord, no apologies. I beg of ye. If I'd only known that Father Ned had taken to postin' (driving for hire) 'I wouldn't have expected yer Lordship's patronage."

His Lordship enjoyed the joke. "But, Charlie," he said, to smooth matters. "Father Ned did this only by way of courtesy—he did not think you would be offended."

"Didn't he, be me soul? Yer Lordship, if Father Ned was steppin' up on the altar to preach a sermon, I would count meself a very mane man if I stepped up afore him an' tuk the words out of his mouth."

Two Warnings

Losing flesh is one and a hacking cough is another. If they come together the warning is a loud and hard one. Scott's Emulsion does some of its best work in just these cases. It prevents consumption.

Apropos of the intolerable slowness of the cabs in Berlin, it is related that a child having been run over by one of them and killed, Mark Twain, who was living in Berlin at the time, exclaimed on hearing of the accident, "What a lingering death!"

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."



MUSIC

MR. FRANK WELSMAN, one of the most brilliant of our young Canadian solo pianists, gave a very successful recital in Association Hall on Wednesday evening, May 10.

There was a large gathering of music-lovers, among whom was a fair proportion of students of the piano. Mr. Welsman gave a choice and varied programme, which displayed both his technical powers and his ability as an interpreter. His opening number was the seldom heard first movement of Beethoven's Sonata, op. 31, No. 2, a composition dramatic and agitated in mood, and an effective concert piece. Those present must have felt indebted to Mr. Welsman for what may be considered his introduction of the work to the notice of Toronto concert-goers. Mr. Welsman gave the movement a careful, well governed and vivid rendering. One felt, however, that he exercised some restraint and that had he chosen he could have given a much more emotional reading. Three pieces by Chopin followed, of which the Ballade, op. 23, was the most exacting, and in the performance of which the pianist's executive development proved well equal to the demands made upon it. An attractive minuet of his own, in popular style, followed, and was succeeded by Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C sharp minor, and Sapellnikoff's Gavotte. The prelude, which has won sudden popularity among soloists both in Europe and America, is perhaps the best generally known composition of one who is acknowledged to be a most gifted representative of the Russian school of music-writers. M. Rachmaninoff was recently in England, and, according to the London *World*, he played this particular prelude not only as no one else ever played it, but as no one reading the ordinary editions of it would imagine him to want it played. The *World* adds: "Of course a composer can do with his own music what he likes; but why should he not have it printed as he intends it to sound? The incident gave food for bitter-sweet reflection on the snakes lurking in the grass that grows by the critic's path. Had anyone else played this prelude in this particular way, one would have taken from one's quiver the sharpest arrows of sarcasm, and spoken scathingly of respect for composer's intentions. And how wrong one would have been." In view of this significant statement I shall not venture to express an opinion as to the fidelity of Mr. Welsman's interpretation, but shall be content to say that it was effective so far as the listener was concerned. But the incident suggests that in regard to nuances and variations of tempo, composers do not always write what they mean. The Sapellnikoff Gavotte is a taking concert piece, and Mr. Welsman brought out most attractively and appropriately its light and bright features. Mr. Welsman's closing number was the Liszt Rhapsody, No. 12, which for tonal power and picturesque warmth of expression was his most successful effort. It was noted throughout the recital that the soloist displayed more and more breadth and freedom of style with each succeeding number. Mr. Welsman was assisted by Miss Margaret Huston, the vocalist of the occasion, who sang most pleasing selections by Bizet, Tosti and Cowen, and acquitted herself, as usual, to the evident satisfaction of the audience. Both the singer and the pianist were given enthusiastic recalls. Miss Henrietta Shippe officiated as accompanist, in which capacity she played with much judgment.

Mr. R. Watkin-Mills, the eminent English basso, who is coming to Canada next November, has the following great record of his singing in the leading oratorios: Messiah, 105 times; Elijah, 75 times; Golden Legend, 73 times; Creation, 35 times; Redemption, 23 times; Faust (Berlioz), 22 times.

Mrs. Norma Reynolds Reburn has secured for her pupil, Miss Elda Idie, A.T.C.M. and Reynolds gold medalist, a prominent position on the staff of the new Conservatory of Music at Chatham. Miss Idie studied with Mrs. Reburn over four years, is a graduate of both the Conservatory and College of Music in Toronto, and was introduced to the public by Mrs. Reburn at one of her annual recitals in the Pavilion. During the period Miss Idie was under the management of Mrs. Reburn she advanced very rapidly in public favor, holding good church positions, and filling many concert engagements, a notable one being with Mr. Watkin Mills. Mr. R. Victor Carter, director of the Conservatory at Chatham, has through Mrs. Reburn recommended her pupil to a position as solo soprano and choir director of the Park street Methodist church, upon which duties Miss Idie enters at once.

A piano recital by pupils of Mr. Cecil Carl Forsyth was given on Tuesday evening, May 9, at the Metropolitan School of Music. It was an interesting and successful event because the pupils were bright and capable, and their selections were of a good and enjoyable order; indeed, the music chosen seemed well adapted to display the inherent and acquired gifts of its interpreters. These were: The Misses Helen and Violet Wadsworth, Mabel Woods, Ruby Hutchison and Marjorie Sewell. In addition to the piano selections were the following: Miss Ella Rogers, a talented young reader, gave a

very happy rendering of a scene from Mark Twain's Tom Sawyer. Mr. J. F. Holloway, who has a voice of excellent tenor quality, gave Stephen Adams' Mona in a refined and pleasing style. Miss Evalorne Sawers' charming and exceedingly promising soprano voice was heard to advantage—notwithstanding nervousness—in For Though a Cloud, from Weber's Der Freischütz. Mrs. Hermenia Vandervoort's reading of To-morrow at Ten was an admirable piece of work. The vocalists were pupils of Signor Sajous, and the elocutionists of Miss Belle H. Noonan.

A writer in the *German Times*, says: "On the 31st of March last, in response to an invitation sent me by Harry M. Field, I attended a lecture given at his studio in Leipzig by Miss Evelyn Ashton Fletcher of Toronto, on her Fletcher Music Method, Simplex and Kindergarten. The aim of her system, to quote from her pamphlet, is to give a fundamental, systematic and logical musical education in a way which pleases children—by appealing to their imagination, love of symbolism and the picturesque. Miss Fletcher devotes her energies to those who are not yet ripe for more or less dry tuition; so Miss Fletcher also uses charts, but they are, so to speak, adjuncts, one of the peculiar features of her system being that she makes tangible playthings of the five-line staff, the clefs, notes, pauses, signs of expression, rhythm, etc., and of the (movable) key-board. The lecture, which Prof. Martin Krause also attended, lasted over two hours without being tedious for a moment, and one could readily recognize in her one imbued with the imagination and the power of finding similes for everything, which are such essential qualifications in teaching, whether the learner be young or old. Miss Fletcher is, in fact, a pedagogic in the very best sense of the word, and her system one which must commend itself to everybody who knows that to teach the child one must be able to think with (not for) it; in short, that one must 'stoop to conquer,' just as one must stoop in order to raise a weight, in this instance the weight of want of knowledge." This remarkably clear-headed young Canadian, who was a pupil of Mr. Harry M. Field for pianoforte in Toronto and studied over here under Riemann, holds patents in Germany and other European States for all her materials, while in London she has already given demonstrations before the Incorporated Society of Musicians, the Royal Normal College and the Academy of Music for the Blind, which were very favorably received. Just now she is staying in Paris."

It is stated that a remarkable fact in connection with the recent Joachim celebration was that forty-four of the eighty-eight violins used by the orchestra were "Strads," and were insured for that night for the total sum of \$250,000.

Miss Dora L. McMurtry and Mr. Alexander M. Gorrie sang on May 11 at the concert of St. Paul's choir, Peterborough, with great success. The *Examiner* speaks in enthusiastic terms of each of them and says it is unnecessary to go abroad for solo singers when Canada possesses such excellent artists.

The sixth concert of the Toronto Chamber Music Association on Tuesday evening attracted to Association Hall a brilliant gathering of music-lovers. The programme was supplied by the Spiering Quartette Club of Chicago, assisted by Mrs. Julie Wyman, vocalist, and Mrs. Blight, accompanist. The principal work given was Beethoven's String Quartette in E flat, op. 74, called in Germany the "harp quartette," presumably on account of the brilliant arpeggio passages for the first violin in the coda of the allegro. Although attributed to the second period of the master's development, it touches closely upon the advanced style of his latest period, and for that reason is difficult of interpretation and not readily appreciated except by amateurs of thoroughly classical taste. The Club gave a beautifully finished performance of this number; as might have been expected after a long season of constant rehearsals and public concerts, their ensemble was at its best. The interpretation was most conscientious and marked by a unanimity in expression and phrasing that indicated with what care the music had been studied, both in regard to the general spirit and the details of each part. Mr. Spiering, the first violin, is a very musicianly and trustworthy leader, and, like all the best quartette players of the Joachim school, never yields to the tempta-

tion of showing off the first violin at the expense of the other parts. The design of the music, and the agreement of the four instruments in balance of tone and unity of interpretation, are evidently the first considerations with him. Mr. Spiering's tone is pure and smooth, and remarkably equal in the different positions or registers of the instrument. The other important work, introduced in Toronto for the first time, was a quartette on the notes B flat, A and F, suggested in the name Belaeff, and composed by the four Russian composers, Rimsky-Korsakow, Liadow, Borodin and Glazounov, each composer working out one movement founded on these notes as a leading subject. The work proved extremely interesting, both on account of its ingenuity and of the variety of treatment which the subject received. The second movement, in the form of a scherzo, is very felicitous in conception and execution, and its light and tripping measures proved very captivating. The third movement, entitled Serenata, in the Spanish style, by Borodin, was cast as a melodious solo for the viola with a pizzicato accompaniment, no doubt intended to suggest the guitar for the other instruments. The notes in the programme inform us that Belaeff was a man who had befriended quite a number of composers of the young Russian school, and that this quartette was written as appreciative testimony to his encouragement of the rising school of national music. For a piece of occasion it is distinguished by much more merit than is usually found in compositions produced under similar conditions. The 'cellist of the club, Herr Diestel, a thoroughly artistic player, gave Max Bruch's Hebrew melody, Kol Nidrei, with much dignity of expression and tone. Mrs. Julie Wyman, who has proved herself to be a most valuable accession to the ranks of our professional singers, contributed a very attractive selection of songs, principally by Chaminade and the United States composer Nivin. The Chamber Music Association have a mission which is served by no other organization in the city; they have so far been doing excellent work, and one will be glad to hear that the financial results of the past three seasons have been satisfactory, and will warrant the ladies of the managing committee to continue their efforts in the same line.

With this concert, the musical season of 1898-9 was practically brought to a close, as it is unlikely that any subsequent important musical events will take place before the autumn. Thanks principally to the enterprise of the Massey Hall trustees, the season has been exceptionally rich in attractions of distinct merit. There has been a brilliant representation of solo pianists, which has included Aus der Ohe, Richard Burneiser, Rive-King, Katharine Ruth Heyman, Sauer, Rosenthal and Carreno. The violinists were: Musin, Lady Hall, her first and only appearance, and little Maud McCarthy, and the vocalists Sembrich, Trebelli, Schumann-Heink, Plancon, Plunkett Greene, Saliznac, Campanari, Seachi, and Frangcon Davies. Altogether a notable list. The great success among the singers were made by Mme. Sembrich, Mme. Schumann-Heink, Plancon and Frangcon-Davies. Mme. Schumann-Heink made her first appearance and won a signal triumph. She is a great artist with a fine contralto voice, but to compare her with Mme. Albini, as has been done, is perhaps eulogizing her unjustly. Mme. Albini's voice, for wonderful volume and richness, has not yet been paragoned in my experience—even after discounting to a reasonable extent the vivid impressions of her singing which still remain from the early days of concert going. Of the pianists, Sauer aroused the greatest enthusiasm, principally on account of the beauty and delicacy of his touch, and the refined sentiment of his expression. Rosenthal's exhibition of virtuosity was admitted to be dazzling, but he did not seem to reach the hearts of his hearers. Lady Hall's beautiful and thoroughly legitimate violin playing at her advanced age set people wondering as to the extraordinary height of development as a sterling soloist she must have reached when in her prime. The two great orchestral concerts—those by the Seldi and the Paur symphony orchestras—were musical treats long to be remembered, although it is to be regretted that in neither case was a symphony offered. The admirers of band music were well catered to by the concerts of the Banda Rossa, and Godfrey's and Sousa's bands. There was a short season of Italian opera at the Grand by an indifferent company, and several performances of comic opera of an inferior order. The revival of interest in oratorio was evidenced in the large audiences which attended Mr. Torrington's production of the Messiah and the Redemption. The cause of chamber music was promoted by the two concerts of the Chamber Music Association and of the Mozart Symphony Club of New York. It might be mentioned that the season of the local association was opened by the Danreuther String Quartette Club of New York. Altogether, if music-lovers have any cause to complain it is because there were no really good performances of grand

opera during the season and no performances of standard symphonies. In every other respect there is every reason for satisfaction at the record. There were, of course, numerous purely local concerts, which afforded gratifying proof of the progress of music in our midst.

CHERUBINO.

The Social Kiss.

THE other day I read in a book the words, "She kissed her friend, but it was a social kiss!" That practice is only a type of the universal experience of most of us. A Bible story came to my mind and with it a thought of Hall Caine, for he acknowledges that his best stories were taken from the Bible. Do not be ashamed of the Bible, for as John McNeill, the evangelist, says, "Be careful that the Bible does not shame you." I was "seeing a lady off," as the saying goes, who had been visiting a lady relative of mine. The visitor had stayed too long, and no sooner had the two ladies kissed and the train pulled out than I heard these words: "I thought she would never go. She is a dear girl but such a bouncer." This incident recalled what I had read in the book, and at the same time what had previously flashed across my mind in the story of Ruth and Naomi, and of course Orpah.

Naomi was not one of those neatly dressed widows, as some persons report, with her feet on a stool, packed up ready for heaven. She was a powerful woman, old though she was; and she was sick of the Moabites, who were so false and superficial. She prayed to the God of Judea, and probably someone laughed.

Ruth did not laugh, for she loved strongly and said, "Entreat me not to leave thee; where thou goest I will go," etc. Ruth was not worldly wise; she only loved. Ruth had no fitting ghost of thought that this old body was poor and unlikely to support her. Orpah, on the other hand, kissed Naomi and the two parted. Orpah knew the world, and did not say "Good-bye, you narrow-minded old bigot; you think you have the only religion in the world," but kissed her and mentally said, "I thought she would never go."

How many people there are to-day who go to church and give the "Orpah" kiss of religion in lieu of worship! They are well dressed, make a fair show in the flesh, but the kiss is about all they give. Orpah was a type of the society lady who kisses her friend and then says nasty things about her; a type of the kiss without faith. She gave the social kiss, the sentimental kiss of religious or social etiquette. Orpah was never heard of in biblical history. Ruth married a Judean farmer and her children brought forth David and with the son of Jesse, the Christ.

Thus is the old story of love perpetuated; thus is faith, the new sense made infinite, and beyond peradventure this beauty of life changes not with changing time: for such love is heaven. C. D. CLIFFE.

Montreal, May, 190.

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The bride—I don't want to have any trouble with you, Bridget. The cook—Then, bedad, ma'am, let me hear no complaints!—*Life*.

Miss Fox—Papa, why does a young man give his fiancée a diamond ring? Mr. Fox—Oh, that's the forfeit he puts up to insure a fight.—*Jeweler's Weekly*.

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Social and Personal.

Mrs. McMurrich gave a tea on Wednesday for Colonel and Mrs. Eade of Montreal, two visitors always welcome in Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. George Broughall have returned from their honeymoon. Mrs. Broughall will hold her post-nuptial receptions the week after next.

Mrs. Stewart Houston, a recently-elected member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, is getting up a novel and delightful evening at the Normal School the first week in June, in aid of the funds of the Society. Distinguished patronage, a capital programme, and several original features are to be further described later on.

Mrs. McSloy of St. Catharines, and Miss Long of Woodlawn, Jarvis street, have returned from a winter in California.

On Thursday Toronto friends received a shock on learning of the death of Sir George de Hoebeled Larpen in England. Lady Larpen is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong of The Priory, and her genial and popular husband had many friends here. At the time of writing only the notice of Sir George's death had been cabled. Much sympathy is everywhere expressed.

Captain Charlie Nelles sailed for England Saturday to remain there on a training course of five months.

Mrs. Bartlett of Winnipeg, wife of the manager of the Bank of Hamilton, died suddenly last Tuesday.

The Woman's Monday Musical Club will entertain next Tuesday evening at St. George's Hall at a very smart affair, beginning with a concert and to be followed by a supper.

A certain society gentleman who would like to wear an official uniform applied for an honorary position which has been acceptably filled for a number of years by another gentleman. The letter of the applicant was promptly sent to the holder of the office.

Montreal is going to be given over to the soldiers on next Wednesday. The O.O.R. Bugle Band, forty-four strong, go down on Monday. The Governor-General and Lady Minto are to be there, General and Mrs. Hutton, and a particularly smart crowd of military and social lights.

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was likewise appropriated. Miss Lola
Powell and Miss Morna Brown-Wallis
looked lovely, the one, all in black, I saw
whirling around with His Excellency in a
two-step, the other trying to keep the
peace between rival aspirants to a waltz;
Mr. Aylmer Brooke was as smart of
speech and as big a flatterer as ever; Mr.

Monroe Grier was a guest at the ball;
Mr. James Edgar and his fair bride were
greeted with hearty congratulations by a
few who had not seen them before; the
Misses Edgar wore white satin frocks,
the elder sister's touched with yellow;
Mr. "Paddy" Caron was a great beau;
Mrs. Robert Cartwright wore sea green



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Social and Personal.

Miss Lauda Gale left for Halifax this
week with her sister, Mrs. C. A. Evans,
for a two months' visit, and on her return
will spend the remainder of the summer
with her sister, Mrs. F. J. Dunbar, who,
with her brothers, has taken a cottage in
Hooper street, Center Island.

Mrs. Philip Jamieson and the Misses
Jamieson sail to-day by steamship Van-
couver for an extended tour of Great
Britain and the Continent.

The Misses Cargill of Cargill, and Corby
of Belleville, whose stunning gowns at
the State Ball at Ottawa were the work
of Stitt's modistes, were among the belles
at that function and greatly admired; Mr.
and Mrs. E. B. Osler had their daughter,
Miss Osler, and Miss Cochrane, their
charming niece; Mr. Melvin-Jones was a
gallant beau to some of Ottawa's fine
ladies; Mr. Clarence Bogart was, as
usual, very much in it; Mr. and Mrs.
J. K. Kerr were with General and Mrs.
Hutton, their hosts at Earncliffe; Mr.
James Elmslie, A.D.C., was speedily an-
nexed by one of the three prettiest girls
at the ball; Captain Archie Macdonald

satin, with trimmings of lace and chiffon.
To Toronto society all these guests are
well known, therefore I mention them.

Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto visited
her country house at Kirkfield this week.

Golf has been the game all week, the
match for the Kay trophy at Rosedale
being played from day to day. At the
Country Club links on Saturday Mr. Scott
Griffin won the match, Mr. Grace making
the presentation. The usual jolly dining
guests were afterwards in evidence at the

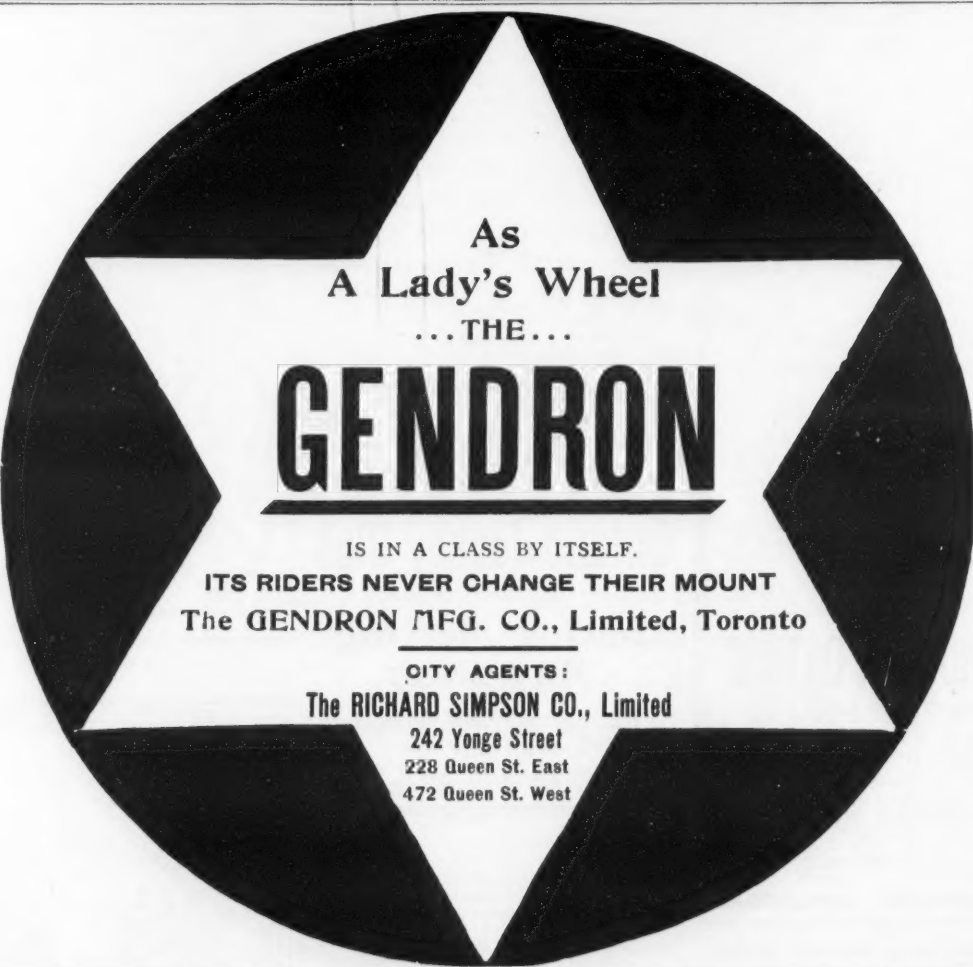
beautiful club-house.

Mr. H. Mansfield Torrington, son of Mr.
Frederick H. Torrington, director of the
Toronto College of Music, left the city
last Saturday for an extended trip on the
Continent. Mr. Torrington intends to
visit the birthplace of his father in Dudley.

Run your excursions on July 1 to Owen
Sound (the prettiest and most lively town
in Canada), on which day Canada's greatest
summer resort, McLaughlin Park, will be
officially opened. Big attraction and every
accommodation.

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